

Born This Way

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Born This Way

by [Muserobbin](#)

Summary

In the beginning, God created Peter Parker just as he was, gay.

Peter Parker comes from a religious background and stumbles upon the LGBTQ+ group eating lunch in Mr. Stark's classroom. The school bully, Flash Thompson, happens to also be the minister's son and snitch. There are rumors going around that some students are being threatened with conversion therapy camp if they don't change their ways.

This fic contains language and content that may trigger the reader. Please be mindful of the tags as I will be updating them as necessary.

Notes

Once again, please be mindful of the tags. This is a story about Peter's experience going through conversion therapy and the aftermath.

Genesis

In the beginning, God created Peter Parker just as he was, gay.

The realization didn't come until he saw Steve Rogers, captain of the swim team, in his speedo for the first time.

"Let's go, Parker," Coach Fury had called when Peter excused himself to the bathroom.

Every practice after that, Peter had to keep his eyes to himself or risk popping a boner and embarrassing himself in front of the whole team.

He expected the wrath of God would strike him down at any given moment, but it never came. So, Peter decided that maybe He was waiting for the opportune moment. In the meantime, Peter would look at himself excessively in the mirror wondering if there was a way to tell. Flash had always called Peter derogatory names relating to homosexuality, but they hadn't meant anything before.

In the mirror, he examined his face that always seemed too feminine. His Aunt May kept saying that his eyes were sparkling more than usual and that his skin was glowing. This always dropped a stone of fear in his stomach.

He wondered why he couldn't be more like Steve and Bucky who were tall, muscular masses that nobody would dare mess with, not even Flash.

But, alas, he couldn't get enough calories to bulk up and retained the wiry physique that he had always had.

Steve was from a religious family as well, but Peter began noticing something strange. Everyday, Steve would have lunch in Mr. Stark's classroom. Peter wouldn't even have noticed if he hadn't been paying such close attention to Steve.

That's where he saw Steve and Bucky kissing. Bucky was one of the few kids at school who didn't attend their church.

Peter should have been jealous that his crush was kissing someone else, but he was turned on. Steve and Bucky became the source of his late night rendezvous as he wasn't brave enough to watch porn in his parents house.

He began following Steve everyday to the door of the classroom where he would pause then keep walking, never having the nerve to go in.

They seemed to have so much fun, too. Everyone was relaxed away from the sharks of the lunchroom. Peter recognized a quiet girl from his classes. The kids in the room called her MJ while everyone else called her Michelle.

"What's going on, baby bear?"

Peter jumped at the sudden intrusion to see Wade Wilson. He shifted uncomfortably looking around to check if anyone saw them. Wade was openly flamboyant, and the kids from church would start rumors if they saw Peter talking to him.

"Do you want to come eat with us?" Wade took a bite of his apple while checking Peter out from root to tip. His face flamed when the other boy's eyes paused at his waste before continuing down.

“Um, thanks, but I gotta-”

Flash Thompson, the minister’s son, was walking towards them. Peter had to think fast.

“Sure!” He quickly ducked behind Wade’s large body and into the room.

Wade closed the door behind them understanding Peter perfectly.

A few heads turned curiously.

“It’s okay,” Wade whispered as he squeezed Peter’s hand before greeting the room. “Hey, everyone, this is- What’s your name?”

“Peter.”

They all smiled welcomingly, but he was thankful when the attention was no longer on him.

“Hey, Peter!” Steve called. “You can sit with us.”

‘Watermelon Sugar High’ played in the background. It was one of Peter’s favorite songs. He played Harry Styles’s new album on repeat at night while he lay awake looking at his poster of Michael Phelps.

Sometimes, he touched himself while looking at the large span of the swimmer’s arms.

He blushed as those intense moments went through his mind in a room full of people.

Steve kind of looked like Michael Phelps, and his boyfriend, Bucky, was intimidating so Peter quickly schooled his expression.

He pulled out his own lunch and gazed around the room at the various people.

Peter had begun noticing people like himself everywhere, but some of the people in the room surprised him.

“What is this place, anyway?” He asked no one in particular.

“It’s a safe space,” a voice said from behind him. Mr. Stark. “Welcome, Peter.”

The teacher's warm smile immediately put Peter at ease. “Thank you, sir.”

“It’s awesome, is what it is,” Michelle sat down next to Peter. “I’m Michelle, but my friends call me MJ.”

Peter didn’t know if that was an inclusion or exclusion, so he just smiled politely.

“That means you can call me MJ.”

He let out the breath he had been holding. “Oh. Thanks.” He looked around once more. “So this is a-”

“Safe space, yeah,” MJ confirmed. “Formally, we’re called Born This Way.”

There was a beat of silence. “You know, like the Lady Gaga song?”

MJ frowned when Peter still didn’t get it.

Bucky smirked while Wade pouted.

Steve suddenly stood up in his seat and sang, “No matter gay, straight, or bi/ Lesbian, transgender life/ I’m on the right track baby-“

And everyone sang, “I was born to survive!”

When it was quiet again, MJ continued, “It’s kinda our mantra.”

Peter smiled at her.

“I’m asexual, though.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah,” MJ sipped from her energy drink.

“So,” Peter’s eyebrows furrowed together while he tried to understand.

“It’s a safe space,” MJ insisted. “And don’t worry, no one will ask how you identify.”

“I hate labels,” Bucky grumbled.

“Labels suck,” Steve agreed.

Mr. Stark was sitting in his chair, lopsided, legs thrown over one arm. He took a bite of his sandwich and looked around the room in amusement but didn’t give an opinion on the subject.

Peter briefly wondered what the teacher’s sexual orientation was. It fascinated him that he couldn’t tell one way or another down to the AC/DC t-shirt, blazer, dark wash jeans, and loafers. He would explore this later at home, he decided, while taking a mental picture in his head.

There was a small rainbow flag on Mr. Stark’s desk, and he smiled to himself. The teacher caught Peter’s gaze and followed it to the little flag. He smiled encouragingly at Peter who ducked his head, shyly.

The lyrics began playing in the background while Peter swayed his head and tapped his fingers against his thigh.

Peter felt like he was walking on air when he went to his next class.

Gay Baby

Chapter Summary

Peter delves into a colorful, new world while simultaneously hiding his secret...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Peter wanted to tell Ned everything that was going on with him, but he couldn't because the other boy wouldn't understand. He wondered if his friend could tell that he was changing, or worse, if *Flash* could tell.

Then, he thought of Aunt May's comments.

"Can someone tell if I'm gay?" Peter mused one day to Wade. "My aunt keeps making these weird comments that my eyes are sparkling and my face is glowing."

"You're happier," Wade suggested. "There is no way a person can know unless you let them."

Peter stayed silent. He felt that he could always tell whether other people were or not.

"Let them suspect," Wade threw a hand up.

Peter smiled tightly back. "It's easy for you to say. Your parents didn't raise you in some religious cult."

Steve offered Peter a sympathetic smile, and Bucky squeezed his boyfriend's shoulder, supportively.

"My best advice," Wade said, slurping down his drink. "Is not to give a shit what anyone else thinks, and just do *you*."

"Do me?"

"But," Steve interjected while glaring pointedly at Wade. "It's not always safe to do so."

"Exactly," Bucky agreed looking over his shoulder where Mr. Stark leaned against a desk with his arms crossed, listening.

On his way out that day, someone tapped his shoulder, and he was surprised to see Mr. Stark.

"May I speak with you?"

He waited until all the other students left before closing the door.

"Have a seat, Peter."

He obeyed immediately and sat in the desk right in front of Mr. Stark's. The man surprised him, however, and sat in the student desk beside Peter and rested his chin in his hand. Peter waited for him to speak, worried sick that he wouldn't be able to eat lunch there anymore.

“Do you feel safe at home, Peter?”

He hadn't been expecting *that* .

“I- I guess.”

“I don't need you to guess. I need you to know,” Mr. Stark insisted, his eyes searching Peter's.

“Yes, then,” Peter answered. At least he could be honest about that. Although his aunt and uncle were religious, he had a feeling they wouldn't throw him out of the house like Wanda's parents had done to her.

“Do they know?”

“No,” Peter answered quietly.

“You don't have to tell them,” Mr. Stark said softly. “You can wait until you're 18 or even older when you're in a financially stable position.”

“They wouldn't throw me out.”

Mr. Stark gave him a sympathetic look. “But it could come to that?”

“I- I don't know, sir.”

“Okay.”

Mr. Stark stood up and walked Peter to the door.

Peter started with little things like rainbow socks which his aunt hadn't batted an eye at when he placed them in the cart.

For some reason, he was fascinated by Wanda's makeup, and thus began taking lipstick here and there from his aunt's vast collection. Next, it was eyeliner that he insisted his aunt buy for his Halloween costume which he kept after that night.

With his own money, he bought clear mascara and concealer for the blemishes on his cheeks. Highlighter and blush were next.

Late at night, he would take out a small, compact mirror that lit up and practice putting everything on following tutorials on YouTube.

He started subtly wearing some makeup to school, mostly concealer and clear mascara. Once the sky didn't fall in, he added a bit of blush then light lipstick and highlighter soon followed.

Wanda noticed first, complimenting his complexion. She even gifted him his own pair of tweezers one day saying she had many pairs and that it wasn't a big deal.

She always ate lunch in the classroom with Paul, her fake boyfriend and straight ally. Peter eventually learned from MJ that Wanda was almost sent to a straight camp, so Paul offered to help.

“Peter, is that makeup?” May asked one day when she got home.

“Um, yeah. My friend Wanda wanted to practice. She wants to go to cosmetology school.” It

wasn't a total lie, Wanda really did want to go to cosmetology school.

"Wanda as in Maximoff?"

His aunt was looking at him full on now, eyebrows raised and arms crossed. He wished Mr. Stark could be his buffer right now.

"Um, yeah."

"Peter, I don't want you hanging out with her," May insisted. "If Ben found out..."

She never finished that sentence, but Peter's blood went cold at what she implied. He focused on his afternoon snack and homework.

"Go wash that off your face and don't come home like that again."

So he didn't. Like a lot of other kids, he applied his makeup on the bus on the way to school and took it off on the bus on the way home.

Wade gave him some of his brother's old clothes. Though his brother was in 8th grade, everything fit Peter perfectly down to the skinny jeans and tight shirts. His favorite said 'femme', but he wasn't brave enough to wear that in public, so he always wore it under hoodies. It was oddly comforting especially when Flash harassed him.

To hide his new wardrobe from May, he wore button ups or baggy sweatpants then shoved them in his backpack before he got off the bus.

All in all, his bus routine was growing fuller and fuller by the day, so Wanda got on a few stops early to help with his makeup. In exchange, he brought her some coffee from his aunt and uncle's keurig.

Wanda wasn't allowed to drink coffee anymore since her parents attributed it to her homosexual tendencies.

"What's up, nerds?" MJ said.

"Um, you're a nerd, too," Ned pointed out.

MJ turned her attention to Peter. Her gaze said, 'Are you coming to lunch today?'

Peter shook his head, shifting his eyes to Ned. MJ shrugged and walked away.

"So, what's up with you and Michelle?" Ned asked curiously. "Are you guys like dating, or whatever?"

"Ew, no," Peter balked. "Besides, MJ's asexual."

He clamped his mouth shut when he realized the detail he had revealed.

"A- what?"

"Uh, nevermind."

“I don’t know if you should be hanging around with her,” Ned reproached. “If Flash found out, he would tell his dad who would tell your parents. You could get into a lot of trouble, Peter.”

The worry was evident in his friend’s eyes.

“I’m fine, Ned. Just drop it.”

“They could kick you out.”

“Ned, I said drop it!”

Ned’s expression changed from worry to hurt. “You’re changing, Peter, and I’m not sure that I like it. Your aunt and uncle may allow you to get away with this stuff, but my parents won’t. I could be guilty by association.”

“What is that supposed to mean?” Peter felt offended that his friend was treating him like some disease he could catch.

Ned dropped his voice and looked around. “You know exactly what it means.”

Peter refused to let him get off that easily. “No. I don’t think I do, actually.”

“You’re gay, Peter. I can’t have my family finding out that I hang out with you.”

Chapter End Notes

What do you think so far? This idea came to me last night out of nowhere, and now I have 26 pages. Should I continue?

Also, it's about to get darker.

The Disappearance of Peter Parker

Chapter Summary

Peter is found out...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What are you looking at, Parker?” Flash sneered.

It had been a long practice, and Peter didn’t feel like hiding that day. Normally, he would go to a stall to change out of his speedo.

This had proved to be a mistake as his penis was taking interest in all the naked male bodies surrounding him, even Flash.

The minister’s son walked slowly around Peter as he took a towel to cover himself, cheeks burning.

“Got something to hide?” Flash murmured into his ear then cackled.

“Leave him alone,” Steve ordered.

Flash simply raised a challenging eyebrow and dropped his own towel to the floor. Steve looked away, swallowing while Bucky seethed in the corner.

“Does this bother you?”

“I said, ‘Leave him alone.’” Steve stepped up to Flash menacingly. He towered over the bully, but Flash didn’t back down.

“What’s going on in here?” Fury’s voice came from around the corner.

“There’s nothing but a bunch of faggots in here, coach. I don’t feel comfortable.”

“Yet you’re standing there naked,” Fury pointed out, unamused.

“Are you all blind?” Flash demanded, snatching his towel off the floor. “Do you not see the eyeliner running down Parker’s face. He’s ridiculous, just like the rest of you!”

“If we’re so ridiculous, why don’t you just leave?” Bucky said approaching Flash.

“Get behind me, Satan!”

“That’s enough!” Fury shouted. “One more word from any of you, and you’re off the team.”

The threat hung heavy in the air. Several in the room were on their way to state. It was only the best of the best left at practice.

Flash shoved past Peter knocking him off balance.

“You’re off the team, Thompson. Clean out your locker.”

The room became still as Flash stopped in his tracks and slowly pivoted. “My father will have your job before the day is over.”

Fury didn’t bat an eye at that. “Your father is not the only one with connections. Clean out your locker, let’s go. The rest of you, go home and get some rest.”

“Don’t think for a second that I won’t tell, Parker.” Flash threatened in a low voice as he passed Peter.

Cold dread went through his body at the idea of his aunt and uncle finding out..

In the fading light of the afternoon, Steve and Bucky sidled up to Peter. “You okay, bud?”

“I don’t know,” Peter admitted in a small voice turning teary eyes on Steve. “He says he’s going to tell.”

His voice broke on the last word.

“Peter, we’re here for you,” Bucky insisted, wrapping a muscular arm around the other’s small shoulders.

“That doesn’t matter.”

Bucky opened his mouth to argue, but Steve spoke first. “He’s right. He’s still a minor. His parents can send him if they want.”

“I don’t want to miss state,” Peter whimpered.

May was waiting in their minivan out in the parking lot. “I have to go.”

He could feel the couple’s concerned stares on his back all the way to the car.

After that, Peter waited and waited.

He felt anxious, scared, but he didn’t stop having lunch in Mr. Stark’s classroom. Nobody mentioned what had happened at practice, but it was all Peter thought about.

Peter waited for the day the minister would tell his aunt and uncle.

It happened just before State.

Everyday that passed, Peter was more and more on edge. After an especially strenuous practice, Peter went straight to his room to do homework and was later called down for supper. When he got downstairs, a familiar cologne was in the air.

No .

Pastor Thompson was on one couch while May and Ben sat across from him on the other.

“What’s going on?” Peter asked nervously.

The adults exchanged looks, and May opened her mouth to speak. Pastor Thompson held up a hand to silence her then beckoned Peter forward.

“Son, we need to talk.”

Peter felt like his feet were stuck to the floor, his eyes darted unconsciously over to the door. He would certainly make it before anyone caught him.

“No.”

“Peter-” May began.

“It wasn’t a suggestion, Peter,” Ben said, using his deep voice. He rarely used that voice.

Peter ran out the door and straight to Ned’s, the only place he knew to go.

The abandoned death star sat on Ned’s desk, unfinished. Peter didn’t know when they would finish it or if they ever would.

Surprisingly, Ned’s parents had offered Peter a place to stay for the night, and he was in Ned’s room, sweat pouring down his back from the run.

There was something off about his best friend, however. His normally russet complexion had turned grey, and he looked like he would be sick.

“Ned, are you okay?”

“Come on, Peter. Let’s build the death star.”

“Ned...”

There was the slamming of car doors, and Peter went to the window to see what he suspected. Pastor Thompson and some of his lackeys approached the Leeds’ house.

“Ned.” Peter said quietly. “You ratted me out.”

“I didn’t, Peter, I promise! My parents made me do it.”

“I have to get out of here.” His fight or flight was kicking in, and he paced the room. “I have to get out of here.”

“Peter, just calm down. It’s okay.”

Peter stopped pacing in front of his friend, panic in his eyes. “Ned, please. You have to help me.”

There were footsteps on the stairs, and his friend just shook his head.

“Come on, Ned! You have to help me. They’re going to send me to some camp to turn me straight!”

The door swung open, and the lackeys entered the room going to each side of Peter and taking an arm.

He wasn’t going down without a fight, however. “Get off me!”

Peter kicked, screamed, and struggled, but he was no match for the two brawny guys. Tears

streamed from his eyes, and he met Ned's.

"I'm so sorry, Peter." His best friend was crying now as well.

"Ned, please!" Peter begged.

"Ned, get back. Pastor Thompson has already made the decision. It's not for us to question."

Peter was pulled down the stairs and out the door.

Another car stopped on the street behind Peter. He turned his pleading gaze on Ned's mother who looked genuinely sympathetic before closing the door in his face.

Chapter End Notes

There won't be many details about what happens to Peter at the conversion camp until a few chapters after it happens. We find out as he copes with it.

Hell on Earth

Chapter Summary

Peter goes to conversion therapy camp and comes back a different person...

Chapter Notes

I know it's not a song fic, but one song immediately came to mind as I was editing this chapter. I think it really sets the tone. Feel free to check it out or not...

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aIHF7u9Wwiw>

I don't know why, but I get really inspired by music. Some of my best ideas come about because of songs.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Peter felt sick. He wasn't being true to himself, but the sooner that they thought they broke him, the better.

There were three things he was sure of by the end of it.

1. Quentin Beck was an awful, sick man.
2. He would need extensive recovery time.
3. Mr. Stark was right.

Afterwards, May asked him what they had done to him. He couldn't talk about it, and refused.

He took down his poster of Michael Phelps the same day he returned home.

Peter avoided the Born This Way group in the halls and ate lunch alone in the library. Flash tried to antagonize him, but Peter just stood there and took it. Eventually, Flash stopped.

Peter was behind in all of his work, but he quickly caught up which was disappointing since he didn't have anything to distract himself. He couldn't watch TV or play video games anymore, especially not Sims.

His aunt and uncle said that it was a miracle when he donated his gaming system.

Nonfiction was where he spent most of his headspace, but even all the information floating around in his head couldn't stop the flashbacks.

He awoke sweating most nights, images of naked females running through his mind.

The worst part was his dick actually reacted to those images.

"Gah!" He screamed into his pillow.

Peter pressed his hands to his eyes to try to manually erase the images.

His stomach churned, and he raced to the toilet to throw up his dinner.

Peter could feel Mr. Stark's watchful eyes on him in the hallway, but he avoided the man at all cost. He couldn't let Flash see the pair together or risk being sent back. Some of the kids had been to the camp multiple times, and some had never left.

But he couldn't avoid the teacher entirely.

"Peter."

He jumped and pulled an earbud out.

Mr. Stark stood in front of him, worried eyes searching his own.

"Mr. Stark. H-hi, how are you?"

"You're avoiding me."

Peter glanced around them. No one was there since school had let out fifteen minutes before. He had begun riding his bike to and from school now that it was Spring.

"You missed State."

"Yeah, yeah. I was... sick."

"Peter."

And he almost did it, almost broke down, spilt all of his secrets about what had happened at that camp. But he didn't, couldn't. Even if he wanted to, the words escaped him.

"I'm fine."

Peter was rapidly losing weight, and May fretted over this constantly, even threatening to not allow him to join the swim team the following semester. He didn't care, however.

Secretly, he plotted what he would do the day he turned 18.

That summer, he got a job at Delmar's, the local deli.

That summer, he also started cutting himself.

He worried about his declining mental health but felt that he couldn't do anything. On a few occasions, he almost checked himself into the ER when he would cut himself too deep.

At night, he could hear Ben and May arguing, but he felt numb most of the time.

When asked, he would say he was fine because they didn't want to know otherwise. Plus, they would just call over a prayer group, and that was the last thing Peter wanted on this earth.

Things got a little better as more time was put between himself and the camp. When Peter got his

schedule for the following year, he didn't know whether to feel terrified or relieved. He had Mr. Stark for Physics which also happened to be during his lunch period.

The worst part about everything was that Ned wasn't allowed to hang out anymore.

"But, aren't we supposed to forgive each other? Isn't that what *Jesus* taught us?" He had sneered on Ned's doorstep.

Ned's mom was behind the door telling Ned what to say.

"I'm sorry, Peter, but I just can't hang out with you anymore."

Then, the door shut. He was alone.

Chapter End Notes

There will be exact details in the coming chapters as Peter copes with what happened to him.

Coping Mechanisms

Chapter Summary

Peter tries to move forward in the new school year, but Tony sees through his façade...

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains details (can be considered graphic) of Peter's therapy. You have been warned.

“Touch yourself, Peter,” Beck said. “No, look at the screen.”

“This is illegal! They’ll throw you in jail for this!”

“That’s what they all say.”

Moans surrounded him as the girl in the video gyrated her hips down onto a man’s cock.

He was beginning to grow hard looking at the delicious length.

“There you go,” Beck said, approvingly. “However, I think I need to switch the tapes.”

Next, it was just a girl masturbating, and Peter lost his erection.

“I thought so.”

School started the following year just as it always did, except Peter rode his bike with a duffel bag on top of his backpack filled with his clothes for work.

Mr. Delmar could only give him 15 hours a week during the school year because he was a minor. Peter had argued and argued with the man over it.

“I’m sorry, Peter,” Mr. Delmar had clapped him on the shoulder. “That’s the best I can do.”

There was one thing that Peter was looking forward to, Mr. Stark’s physics class. He suspected that it was one of the things that had him in a good mood all week since his schedule came in the mail.

Even May noticed.

“I’m proud of you, Peter.” May told him that morning, hugging him.

A lump formed in his throat until he remembered that his aunt had sent him to that horrid camp. How had he forgotten with last night’s dream still echoing in his ears?

All morning, Peter’s knee vibrated impatiently until he got to Mr. Stark’s class.

“Good morning, Peter,” the man greeted him at the door.

“Good morning,” Peter responded, excitement coating his voice.

Mr. Stark smiled. “There’s assigned seating this year. Sorry, buddy.”

But then he winked, and Peter knew something was up.

His seat was front and center which made him nervous. He hated drawing any sort of attention to himself anymore. But on the desks surrounding his seat, familiar names were written on the cards. Michelle, Wanda, Wade, Paul.

Oh yeah, Bucky and Steve had graduated.

A pang of sadness went through him.

Once class started, Peter couldn’t keep his focus. He found his physics teacher attractive, and that made him nauseous. Apparently, Beck’s aversion therapy had worked.

He spent the class looking everywhere else but Mr. Stark while swallowing back his bile.

That afternoon, he went to the office to change his schedule.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Parker. We only have one teacher for physics, and it is required for graduation.”

“Is there another class I can take in its place?”

The counselor dropped her voice and looked around. “Is there something bothering you, Peter?”

He gulped.

“Do you want to file a complaint against Mr. Stark?”

“Uh, n-no,” he stammered. “It’s nothing like that. I just really don’t like physics.”

She frowned. “You were on the Academic Decathlon Team last Fall. It says here that physics is your strongest subject. That’s why you were placed in AP to begin with.”

He was sweating now.

“Are things okay at home?”

“Fine,” he whispered.

She didn’t look convinced.

“I just don’t feel very well today.”

“Well, let me know if there is anything I can do for you.”

“Yup. Thanks.”

When he got home, Peter went for the razorblade in his bathroom thinking to himself that he could

maybe train his brain to not feel nauseated around Mr. Stark.

The cuts were thin as his teacher's face floated into his mind. Peter thought only of the pain while the handsome man's face swam through his mind.

The following day in class, Peter attempted to hold Mr. Stark's gaze. Nausea.

He slowly pressed into his wounded wrist. It wasn't working so he pressed harder, grimacing in pain.

Someone cleared their throat beside him.

MJ was watching him with a flat expression..

He smiled at her, but she didn't smile back.

She raised an eyebrow before turning her attention back to the front.

Later, Peter saw that she had drawn a sketch of him. He looked absolutely miserable.

"Do you like it?" She asked when she noticed him staring at it.

"Um, do I really look like that?"

"I draw people in crisis," she simply answered. "Are you in crisis, Peter?"

He laughed it off. .

That evening, he ordered ginger lollipops off Amazon. It was what pregnant women used to help with morning sickness.

"Mr. Parker."

Ah, there it was. He had been expecting it.

"I need you to stay after class today."

Peter didn't answer. He just sat in sullen silence worrying that this would somehow get back to Flash.

His hands trembled as he packed up his things and remained in his seat.

"So," Mr. Stark sat in the same desk as their last one on one. "I've noticed that you can't seem to focus in my class. Am I that boring?"

The joke floated up into the ceiling.

Mr. Stark changed tactics. "If you can't pay attention, I will need to schedule a parent/ teacher conference."

"Go ahead," Peter responded, dully. "Let's get it over with."

"Pete... I-"

Peter shuddered at the nickname and what it did to his body when Mr. Stark said it.

“Just schedule it.”

It went about as well as Peter had expected.

“Well, you see,” Ben was saying. “Our boy has found the Lord.”

He was using his deep voice. Mr. Stark glowered at the pair while Peter sat in silence between them. Before therapy he would have found this exchange amusing, comical even.

“You’re lucky you still have a job here, Mr. Stark. The Thompsons know just about everyone in this town,” Ben threatened.

“You’re not the only one with connections.”

Peter snapped to attention at the words that echoed Coach Fury’s. He pushed down the nausea in his throat that came when he focused too long on Mr. Stark’s face.

“Why don’t you leave the parenting to us, and we’ll leave the teaching to you.”

Mr. Stark snorted. “Oh, is that what you call it?”

Ben stood up. “Let’s go, Peter.”

Peter stood reluctantly to follow his guardians.

Mr. Stark’s eyes zeroed in on the cuts that were exposed on Peter’s wrist, and he begged silently with his eyes for his teacher not to bring any attention to them.

“I’ll see you in class, Peter.”

The first note came the week after.

It was a simple, *Are you okay?* Written on the bottom of his physics homework.

Peter debated and debated with himself on how to respond or if he should at all. He didn’t do anything for a few assignments until he finally broke down.

He didn’t pass his physical for the swim team because he was underweight.

I need help. Peter wrote.

He didn’t miss Mr. Stark’s reaction whose eyes popped open when he collected it. He remained visibly tense for the rest of the class while he hurriedly graded their homework.

His heart beat wildly as he waited for his homework to be returned.

There was a number written on the bottom.

He scowled to himself. Fat chance that would do him any good. His parents were monitoring every phone bill, looking for strange numbers.

On his way out the door, he crumpled the paper and threw it in the garbage to send a message.

The next homework he got back had a longer note.

What is your preferred method of communication?

Peter approached Mr. Stark the next afternoon when school had let out for the day.

“I was wondering when the pony express would stop,” he joked.

Peter smiled faintly. The nausea increased whenever his teacher smiled like that. He sucked on his ginger lollipop to keep the sickness at bay.

“I bought a dinky cellphone. Here’s my number.” Peter said dropping a piece of paper on the desk and leaving.

He couldn’t stand close to Mr. Stark for any extended period of time. His teacher’s cologne remained in his nostrils all the way to Delmar’s.

The phone would cost him a third of each paycheck, but he decided that it was worth it to have someone to talk to.

Unknown: I’m sorry if I made you uncomfortable the other day. This is Tony, btw.

Peter: Tony who?

Unknown: Don’t pretend you don’t know my last name, kid.

Peter: But how do I really know it’s you?

He knew he was being coy, but he had to be sure.

Unknown: Sigh. It’s Mr. Stark.

Unknown: Now, I feel like a dirty old man. Please refer to me as Tony, though.

Peter snorted. He felt a lot better talking to the man over text. The nausea was completely taken care of.

Peter: Sorry. Didn’t mean to be a dick earlier. Thanks, Tony. For being there for me.

Tony: Anytime, kiddo.

Tony: Back to our previous convo via the pony express. Are you okay?

Peter: No.

Tony: Care to elaborate?

Peter: It’s personal.

Tony: Tell me when you’re ready. You know where to find me.

Tony texted him everyday after that simply asking, “How are you?”

Peter would answer honestly most days.

When he was feeling like shit, he would tell Tony. When he was feeling better, he would tell Tony.

Day by day, Peter was able to look at Tony in class just a little bit longer. It was working. The awful thing Beck had done to him would be reversed.

On Saturdays, he found himself going to the swim team's meets. He still wasn't able to watch the guys swim, but he cheered for the girls. His aunt and uncle were very happy about this fact.

One day, Liz from decathlon approached him at a meet.

"Hey, Peter."

"H- hi," he replied nervously.

"How are you?"

"I'm fine, and you?"

"Great." She smiled with her teeth then her face fell slightly while she fidgeted with her bracelet. "So, I was just wondering if you wanted to go to Homecoming with me?"

May and Ben gave him pointed looks. *Damn it, Liz.*

"Y-yeah. Sure."

"Yeah?" Liz said, tilting her head.

"Yeah."

"Great. Well, I guess I'll see you around."

Peter received a message from an unknown number that night.

Unknown: Hey, it's Liz. Your aunt gave me your number

Peter: Oh, okay. Hi.

Liz turned out to be a texter, and it was getting harder for Peter to keep the two phones straight. He especially had to be careful not to use the cheapo in front of Ben or May.

"Um, Peter?" Liz said one day in the hall.

"Hey, Liz. What's up?"

"Here's a swatch of fabric that my dress is made out of. I thought you might want it, so that we could match."

Peter looked at her blankly.

"You know, for Homecoming?"

"Oh! Yeah. Right. Homecoming."

"Yeah... so. I'll text you."

Peter's pocket vibrated while he figured out what to do with the swatch of fabric. He ducked into the bathroom to read the message.

Tony: That was painful to watch.

Peter: Then don't watch.

Peter: ;)

He freaked out for a second when he realized that he had sent a winking emoji to his teacher.

Tony: ;)

He sighed in relief now that he knew he hadn't scared his only friend away. Peter did have Liz now, but he didn't count her.

Things got worse again before they got better.

Liz kissed Peter at Homecoming, and he didn't cope very well after that.

That night after he and May dropped Liz off, Peter locked himself in his room. He was so upset by the kiss that he stood in the cold shower for almost an hour.

The worst part was that he had *liked* it.

Peter lost it when his dick wouldn't go down in the shower. He finally gave up and went for his phone.

Turning off the wifi, he quickly went into private mode and to the first porn site he could find.

He had to see if he could still orgasm from watching two men together.

A wave of nausea came up, but Peter pushed past it.

"Come on, come on," he implored his dick as his erection began fading.

"Fuck!" He cried and quickly clicked on a different video.

There was a much older man penetrating someone his size. His dick took an interest.

"Yes, yes!" He hissed as he rubbed himself. "Come on, Peter, come on..."

A certain face appeared in his mind, and he was so hard that it hurt.

He was bent over his teacher's desk in the physics classroom.

"Yes, honey," Tony whispered into his ear.

When he came, he moaned, "Yes, Mr. Stark. Yes, Tony... oh, yes..."

He lay panting on the bathroom floor on his stomach, face pressed into the cold tile. He didn't get up even when the sticky mess dried, pasting himself to the floor.

What finally got him up was the anger that burned a hole through his stomach. He vomited violently into the toilet.

Peter pulled a pillow from his bed and screamed as hard as his throat would let him over and over.

Predator

Chapter Summary

Peter goes to the lockdown at Pastor Thompson's...

Chapter Notes

This chapter could be triggering... idk.

“Tony?” Peter heaved into the phone.

“Peter?”

He was hyperventilating. “Tony... T-t-t-ony, I... need you to...”

“Peter, breathe. Can you breathe for me, buddy? Come on, I know you can do it.”

“I can’t breathe!” Peter sobbed into the phone.

“Okay, keep me on the phone and text me.”

Neither spoke as Peter typed frantically.

Peter: Hekp me

“I’m trying, Pete, but I need you to tell me where you are.”

Earlier That Evening

“May, I don’t want to go to this thing. The other kids don’t like me,” Peter pouted with his arms crossed over his chest.

His duffel bag was all packed up for the lockdown at Pastor Thompson’s house. Ned would be there as well, but they hadn’t talked for so long that Peter didn’t know if he could rely on him.

“Oh, Peter. It’s not 5th grade. Besides,” May said in a low voice. “You’ve repented, and you’re in good standing with the church.”

“That hasn’t changed anything. Ned still isn’t allowed to hang out with me.”

He didn’t miss the way his aunt’s knuckles tightened around the steering wheel.

“May,” Peter pleaded as they turned into the fancy neighborhood. “I really don’t want to go.”

His aunt sighed and stroked his face. “It’ll be fine, Peter. You just need to get yourself back out there.”

Clearly, he was going to this thing whether he liked it or not. He thought about texting Tony for comfort, but they were pulling into the driveway.

“Fine,” he said.

“Oh, Peter I-”

But he was already halfway up the walk.

At the door, Mrs. Thompson greeted him, warmly. “Hi, Peter. It’s so nice to see you.”

“You, too,” he smiled politely.

“Flash,” she called down the stairs off the hallway.

The boy himself appeared from the basement like a demon rising from hell.

“Take Peter’s things.”

“Yes, ma’am. Come on, Pete,” Flash smiled, but just beneath that smile, floated something sinister.

Peter followed the other boy to the basement. Each step felt like descension into the underworld if such a thing even existed. He made a mental note to ask Tony’s opinion on the subject if he survived the night.

In the basement, all the other boys had their sleeping bags set up. He spotted Ned in the corner with some other kids from church and school. Several were taking turns playing videogames on the wall-size projector. Various foods and drinks had already been picked over as Peter had dragged his feet about leaving the house.

“I’m putting your stuff over here,” Flash said, dropping it unceremoniously onto the heap. “Is that okay, penis, I mean Peter?”

“Yeah, whatever.”

Flash put a hand on his shoulder, then. “Try not to get your glitter all over everything, okay?”

Then he dropped his hand and wiped it not so discreetly on his shorts as if he would become infected with something from touching Peter.

The menace left him to his own devices, then. Peter pulled out his sleeping bag and searched the room for a free space among the group. He caught Ned’s gaze who swallowed and shifted his eyes to the spot next to him.

Peter didn’t have anywhere else to go, so he accepted the nonverbal invitation.

“Hey,” he murmured after getting his sleeping bag and pillow situated.

“Hey,” Ned responded, not meeting his eye.

Peter swallowed awkwardly and resisted the urge to pull out his cheepo to text Tony. “So, did you ever finish the death star?”

“No,” his friend said quietly. “I just couldn’t do it without you.”

He smiled then keeping his eyes on the Mario kart race in front of them.

“I’m sorry,” Ned blurted after a while.

When Peter turned to look at the other, he saw that Ned had tears in his eyes.

“It’s okay,” he said and averted his eyes once more.

“No, it isn’t, Peter.”

He shrugged. “Well, there’s not much we can do about it now, is there?”

Peter smiled sadly and subconsciously touched his wrist where the sleeve of his hoodie covered the many tiny cuts there. He pressed to get a little relief, and then harder until his sleeve grew damp. His wrist had mostly healed, but in his anxiety, Peter couldn’t resist a few cuts before leaving the house.

“What’d they do to you?”

“Doesn’t matter.”

“Peter...”

“I said, drop it, Ned.” Peter heaved himself up with that and went to peruse the snack table. It looked like his dinner would consist of diet coke, cheesy bread, and a dingdong.

He grimaced at the selection wondering if he would even keep it down. In the end, he found a diet sprite as that was the safest option.

Ned was pulled into a game leaving Peter alone to sip the beverage. Later, he would have to find something with caffeine in it. There was no way he would fall asleep with Flash around.

When Ned returned, the tension had somewhat dissipated, and the pair ended up reacquainting as much as Peter would allow. His old friend made a promise to ask his parents to reevaluate the situation so that they could finish the death star. Peter even played a few rounds of Mario kart, too.

It was around 3 that his eyelids began drooping. Peter excused himself to the bathroom just to find something to do that would keep him awake.

The closest bathroom was up the stairs and down a hallway to the right, that much he remembered from past sleepovers.

If memory proved correct, nothing good ever happened around this time.

In the bathroom, Peter splashed water on his face to clear the grogginess. His face was more vibrant than it had been in months, maybe May was right. Maybe he just needed to get himself out there. If he tried hard enough, he might even fit in with the other boys, all would be swept under the rug, and life would continue. He’d be able to visit Ned again and eat his mother’s wonderful chocolate chip cookies while they built the death star.

These thoughts filled him with happiness as he exited the bathroom. He was looking forward to getting back downstairs to Ned.

“You look exhausted, Peter,” his friend said when Peter returned. He lowered his voice. “I’ll watch

your back if you want to get some sleep. You look like you haven't slept in months.

Peter smiled tightly. "I wonder why."

Ned's face fell at that, but he didn't push for more details.

He really did feel exhausted between work and school then becoming an insomniac didn't help either.

"Okay," he consented. "But, *don't* fall asleep."

Familiar brown eyes floated above his head. It was strange that the proximity didn't make him feel nauseous.

"Mr. Stark, what are you doing here?"

"It's Tony, remember?" The elder lightly chastised. "You invited me."

He was back in his room, and the window had been left open. A cool breeze floated past his naked torso and then his exposed dick. When had that happened?

There was a slight pressure there, and he realized Tony was rubbing him.

"Good boy, you're almost there."

Except it wasn't Tony speaking anymore. The voice was... *Wrong* .

Peter's eyes snapped open as he came all over himself.

But he wasn't alone.

A warm body pressed into his bottom, and someone was panting into his ear as they fondled his genitals. He screamed, but a hand clamped over his mouth as he thrashed about.

"Shhh, shhh," the person said.

Peter head-butted the person as hard as he could and ran.

He stumbled over a few sleeping bodies.

"Hey!" Someone called after him.

When he reached the stairs, he looked behind him to see if anyone was coming after him, but there was no one there. Nor was there anyone near his sleeping bag but a passed out Ned.

Peter ran out the front door and into the bushes, hands shaking violently.

There was a mess in his sweatpants that was now drying against his pubic hair, pulling at it. His mind raced and raced as he tried to separate dream from reality. Someone had been there, someone had been there. Someone had *molested* him. Someone had made him come without his permission, and he didn't even know who it was.

In his flight, he hadn't even realized that he was shoeless and without a shirt.

However, one thing pressed into his thigh. The cheepo. His fingers shook badly but were somehow

able to find Tony's contact information.

Peter found himself praying as he waited.

"Hello?"

"Tony?" Peter heaved into the phone.

"Peter?"

He was hyperventilating. "Tony... T-t-t-tony, I... need you to..."

"Peter, breathe. Can you breathe for me, buddy? Come on, I know you can do it."

"I can't breathe!" Peter sobbed into the phone.

"Okay, keep me on the phone and text me."

Neither spoke as Peter typed frantically.

Peter: Hekp me

"I'm trying, Pete, but I need you to tell me where you are."

"A-a house," he managed.

"Okay, I need you to give me an address, buddy. I'm going to pick you up. Did you hear me, Peter? I'm going to help you."

"O-okay."

"Just type the address for me, alright?"

Good Samaritan

Chapter Summary

Tony comes to Peter's aid...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Peter continued to huddle in the bushes.

Eventually, an old sports car pulled into the driveway of Flash's house. The driver didn't even turn the car off but threw the door open and sprung from the car.

Tony nearly fell, steadying himself with a hand to the driveway before pushing back up and into a run.

Peter stepped out from the bushes into Tony's path before he could get to the front door.

"Gah!" Tony gasped clutching his chest. "A little warning, please."

A closer look at Peter made the other concerned.

"Pete, what's going on?"

"Can we just go, please?" Peter said shakily.

Tony hesitated looking from the house back to Peter, really taking him in this time. Tony's eyes raked down Peter's body trying to gather as much information about the situation as possible.

Peter covered his crotch to hide the embarrassing wet stain.

"Okay, yeah."

Then Tony put his arm protectively around Peter and led him down the driveway to the car that idled quietly.

He quickly put the car in reverse, and they were soon racing out of Flash's neighborhood.

The thrumming engine soothed Peter, and the need to urinate replaced his fear. He cursed both his sympathetic and parasympathetic nervous systems for that.

But it was bad all of the sudden, and he soon felt wetness spreading under his legs and soaking his pants.

"Oh!" He cried, frantically pushing at his crotch trying to get himself to stop urinating.

"Peter?" Tony questioned trying to keep an eye on the road.

The shame was just too much, and he began gasping again. He had peed himself in front of Tony of all people, the object of his wet dreams.

“Buddy, you’re really scaring me. Do I need to take you to the hospital?”

“No! Please, no!”

Tony hesitated as they passed the sign for an ER.

“Tony! I beg you,” Peter pleaded.

The elder had put on his turn signal, but he must have seen something in Peter’s eyes since they simply never turned.

“Okay, no hospital.”

“Thank you,” Peter breathed in relief.

“But you gotta tell me what’s going on, Peter. I have to be honest, you’re really scaring the shit out of me right now.”

Peter pressed his lips together.

“Was that even your house?”

“No.”

Tony looked confused. “Who’s... was it then?”

“Flash.”

“As in Thompson’s kid?”

Peter nodded.

“That motherfucker. I swear to God, if he laid a hand on you.”

He was sobbing again.

“Oh, God. Peter, don’t. I-” Tony was stuck between comforting Peter and driving.

“Please don’t stop,” Peter said when the car slowed. “I just need to put as much distance between myself and that place as possible.”

“I got you, kid,” Tony responded and sped up.

Peter didn’t pay much attention to his surroundings after that; he just breathed in the A/C that blasted through the car.

“Where are we?” Peter asked as they pulled into an apartment complex.

“My house.”

“Oh.”

“Did you want to go somewhere else?”

“No.”

“How are Steve and Bucky?” Peter asked finally.

They sat across from each other at Tony’s small kitchen table, two mugs of tea between them. Peter wrapped his blanket tighter around his torso. He had refused to wear anything of Tony’s, afraid that his teacher’s natural scent would make him ill.

Tony shrugged. “I don’t really know, Pete. They went to California for college.”

Peter smiled softly. “That’s nice. They’ll like it there.”

His teacher played with the mug of tea in front of him. “You know, the group isn’t the same without you.”

Peter snorted. “I doubt that.”

Tony looked at him curiously, “Hold on. I’ll be right back.”

With Tony out of the room, Peter took this time to glance around the apartment. It wasn’t what he had been expecting from his eccentric teacher. It was small, homey, as if someone else had decorated it. A record player rested on a table nestled into the corner of the living room. He would’ve gotten up to peruse his teacher’s music selection if he hadn’t returned at that exact moment.

Tony had a shoebox in his hands.

“What’s that?”

“The group left some letters for you. I have no idea what they say, words of encouragement, I believe.”

Tony set the box on the table, and Peter realized that it was decorated with sparkly rainbows.

“That’s for me?”

His teacher smiled and nodded. “All for you, Pete.”

Peter reached out tentatively to pull the box closer. The blanket slipped off his shoulders a little revealing the pale skin of his bony shoulder, and he quickly readjusted it. Tony didn’t say anything despite the fact that his eyes were singing holes into the remaining uncovered skin around his neck, and Peter opened the box.

Inside, were various items. Letters, a small unicorn, and even makeup.

His chin started wobbling. “They did this for me?”

“Yes,” Tony nodded in encouragement.

The first letter he opened was from MJ. Brevity was her go-to.

Hey dork,

We all really miss you. When you get back, don’t be a stranger. You know where to find us.

-MJ

The next, from Wanda.

Hey Peter!

I miss our makeup sessions! When you get back, feel free to come by, and we can start the YouTube channel we always talked about. I can't do it without you. Wade offered, but I told him you have a better complexion. (It's true <3)

Love,

Wanda

Dear Peter,

I know you are going through a hard time right now, but we're keeping you in our prayers. It may be hard to believe in God right now, but trust me when I say God is not the cruel being that they make us believe in. He is good, great.

These may not be the words you want to hear, but please keep praying. Be strong.

Sincerely,

Steve (and Bucky)

P.S. Hey, it's Bucky! Feel free to be an atheist or whatever. Love you, bro!

P.S.S. Follow your heart. -Steve

Peter laughed softly with tears dripping down his cheeks and landing on the letter, threatening to blot the ink.

There were more letters, but Peter couldn't read them all right now. He pushed the box away.

"Of course, the unicorn is from Wade," Tony said, chuckling. "The makeup is from Wanda."

"I figured."

They drank their tea in silence until Tony spoke.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

Peter looked sadly into his mug. "Not today. Maybe, maybe someday."

"Okay. Is there anything I can do?"

He shook his head.

Tony understood then and nodded. "I'm sorry they're like that, kiddo. If I had it my way, I'd adopt you in a heartbeat."

Peter smiled at that. It wouldn't be so bad if he didn't have inappropriate thoughts about his teacher.

Chapter End Notes

I know you are going through a hard time right now, but we're keeping you in our prayers. It may be hard to believe in God right now, but trust me when I say God is not the cruel being that they make us believe in. He is good, great.

These may not be the words you want to hear, but please keep praying. Be strong.

Conversations

Chapter Summary

Peter wakes up in an unfamiliar place...

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a little longer than the usual. Happy Saturday!

He didn't know where he was when he woke up.

The last thing he remembered was Beck.

"Your final test, Peter," he had said while rubbing himself through his jeans. "Don't get hard or you'll be here another week."

Then, Beck had begun to undress, and Peter gulped.

He passed the test, but he was sure he would never be the same again.

"This isn't part of it," Someone had said, perhaps, one of Beck's lackeys. "Beck."

Beck pointed to the lackey. "You saw nothing."

The worst part was that Beck sort of resembled Tony, so when Peter woke, it was with a start.

"Gah!"

He swung a hand out on accident, clipping Tony in the face.

"Peter, Peter, Peter! Buddy, hey! It's just me, Tony." His teacher seemed unperturbed by the swipe to his face.

"Tony?"

Nausea set in then, and it was all he could do not to be sick all over the rug and furniture. Tony put what was intended to be a comforting hand on Peter's shoulder, but his altered brain wouldn't have any of it.

"I need you to stay away from me, please. Just go over there. I'm serious, I'll be sick!"

Tony's eyes were wide in alarm as he took several steps back holding his hands up. "Alright, alright."

Peter gripped the cushions on the sofa, fingers digging into the leather threatening to leave imprints

of his nails.

“Kid?”

In his scramble to get away from Tony, the blanket fell from Peter’s chest, exposing his thin torso. Some pubic hair was apparent on his lower abdomen. He pulled the blanket back over himself in embarrassment.

He peaked up at Tony who had his eyes turned politely to the side to give Peter some privacy.

After several long moments passed, Tony turned those deep, knowing eyes back on Peter.

“So, it’s true,” he mused. “They really sent you there.”

“Wh- where?” Peter feigned in a last minute attempt at avoidance.

Tony tilted his chin down, almost in admonishment.

“What?” Peter looked to the door, calculating how fast he could get there, but of course, his clothes were in the dryer still. Tony had washed them.

He knew that the jig was up. Tony knew, and probably, so did a lot of other people, too.

Despite his hoodies and leather bracelets, his cuts weren’t exactly discrete not to mention the random amount of school he had missed the previous semester on top of missing state and his isolation from his previous friend group.

It was quite obvious that something was amiss, really.

“You said Beck in your sleep. I’m assuming that’s a person.”

“I can’t talk about this.” Peter stood up then, pacing over to the window. The sun was just rising over the trees in the parking lot.

He could feel Tony’s eyes on him, then, boring into his soul.

“What’d they do to you? A bit of aversion therapy, or what?”

Peter shivered at the word. “A bit. I’d like my clothes, please.”

“I’m not sure they’re dry yet-”

“I said that I would like my clothes, please.” He turned to fix the man with his eyes.

Tony’s mouth flopped open like a fish. “I- uh. Okay.”

He sounded defeated as he went to the closet that housed the washer and dryer combo.

“They’re still a bit damp,” Tony said, holding, feeling the clothes.

“S’okay,” Peter held his hand out for them and looked away as Tony passed them over, flinching when their hands brushed.

Something interesting happened, then, something akin to an electric shock that pulsed through his hand. He met Tony’s gaze, eyes wide.

And then he vomited all over his and Tony’s feet.

In the bathroom, Peter quickly washed his feet off in the tub using some body wash that was there which turned out to be a bad idea since it smelled just like Tony.

He heaved into the toilet, but it was just bile.

Peter couldn't believe that he had peed himself and vomited on his teacher all in one night.

What he really wanted to do was crawl into bed. No, that was a lie. What he really wanted to do was take Tony's razor and slide it over his wrist, vertically, so that he would bleed out as soon as possible.

May's face stopped him which was sickening in and of itself. He shouldn't care what the witch thought anymore, but he did. Secretly, he hoped that she would come around, and they could all move away.

Then again, he picked up the razor blade. There was something about the sharp metal that he missed as it glided over skin, little ruby jewels on white.

There was a knock on the bathroom door. "Peter?"

He broke his standoff with the razor, putting it back on the shelf.

"What are you doing in there?" Tony tried the bathroom door, but it was locked. "Peter."

Peter opened the bathroom door before Tony could break the thing down. "I'm fine. See?"

The man didn't look like he believed him with his head cocked to the side and narrowed eyes.

He pushed past Tony. "I think I'll walk if that's okay."

"Where do you even live kid?"

Peter told him the general area.

"That's like five miles from here."

"I'll catch the bus, then," Peter shrugged.

"At least let me give you some money," Tony went to get his wallet from his dresser.

"No, I have money. I'm fine. I don't need anything." *From you.* The unspoken words hung between them in the air.

He met his teacher's gaze before looking away again, swallowing.

"You can't hold eye contact with me," Tony pointed out.

"How observant," Peter remarked. "I'm going to go now. Where's the closest stop?"

"I don't really know."

Peter raised a brow at this admission. "Okay, then. I'll figure it out."

"You're really going to take the bus."

"You say that as if it's a bad thing. It's economical, better for the environment."

“Yeah, but I have a perfectly good car right outside.” Tony gestured over his shoulder with a thumb. “It’ll take you thirty minutes to get home with all the stops.”

Peter lost his patience then. “What do you not get about this? I can’t be near you. It makes me *nauseous* .”

Tony jumped slightly at his outburst. “Okay, I was just trying to be helpful.”

“Don’t.”

He pushed past his teacher ignoring the pit of guilt in his stomach. Later, after he had put several miles between the pair and slept, he would apologize over a text message, and Tony would understand because that’s just what he did.

May was surprised to find Peter at the door that morning. He’d had to ring the doorbell since he’d run out of Flash’s house without any of his belongings. Maybe he could convince Ned to bring his things by later.

“Peter, what-?”

“I told you it was a bad idea.” He went straight for the stairs.

Ben was at the kitchen table reading the paper. He glanced up curiously. “Hey, champ. You’re home early.”

“Yeah, Mrs. Leeds offered to drive me home.”

“That was nice of her.”

Peter smiled. “Sure was.”

“Are you hungry, Peter?” May asked going to the table where there was sausage and a few biscuits.

“No, I’m okay. I think I’m going to go to sleep.”

“Late night?” Ben mused.

“Yeah, we stayed up playing video games the whole night. It was fun.”

Ben nodded, content with that answer. May, however, followed him up the stairs and into his room.

“Peter, what happened?”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Did the kids bully you?” May had her hands on her hips in protective mode.

“Something like that.”

“Give me their names, and I’ll take care of it.”

Peter wanted to snort at that, but he also appreciated his aunt’s mothering. He was so conflicted over what had happened to him and wanted to hate her. But he couldn’t.

Then, there was the fact that Peter didn’t know if it had really happened.

"I- I don't know who it was, too dark."

"Oh."

"I think I'm going to get some sleep." Peter laid down and turned over, closing his eyes.

"Peter?"

"Hmm?"

"You don't have to go back over there again, if you don't want to."

"Thanks, May," he whispered.

It was past noon when he awoke, and he lay in bed for a long while watching how the trees swaying in the wind cast shadows that danced across his wall. It had been a long time since he had been so mesmerized by something.

He had morning wood as well which would be a challenge to deal with since the object of his obsession made him ill.

Instead, Peter thought of Liz while he stroked himself, but eventually gave up since she wasn't doing anything for him.

Maybe he was asexual, like MJ. Wouldn't that be the world's greatest joke?

For some reason, he thought of Tony's hands at that moment. Those masculine hands with the hairs sprouting from the knuckles grazing over his small chest and down his torso. They touched his erection then played with his balls before wrapping around him, long fingers holding him gently yet firmly all at once.

Up and down, up and down.

Peter came with a sharp intake of air and arched his back off the bed. He covered his mouth with his other hand so that what he said next was muffled.

"*Tony ...*"

There was a box of tissues in his nightstand that he had placed there once upon a time for just this reason. Back when he was the real Peter.

There were two Peters. The real one and the ghost.

The object of his desires (and nausea) had left him multiple messages. He felt bad and blamed it on his sleep deprivation plus the *incident* from early that morning gave him a valid excuse for the way he had treated his concerned teacher.

Tony: Did you get home okay?

Tony: Kid.

Tony: Are you alright? I'm getting really worried over here.

Peter decided it was a good time for that apology text.

Peter: I know you're just trying to help, and I appreciate it. So thank you, Tony.

He hid the phone between his mattress and box spring and went downstairs to avoid Tony's reply for a little while. He found his aunt cleaning the house.

"Why don't you call me aunt anymore?" She had wondered as he poured himself a glass of milk.

"I'm sorry."

"Is it because we sent you to therapy?"

He didn't know how to respond to that without hurting her feelings and resolved to try to call her 'Aunt' in the future.

"I'm sorry," he repeated before rinsing his glass out and loading it into the dishwasher.

Daydreams

Chapter Summary

Peter can't help thinking about his handsome teacher...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After the lockdown at the Thompson's, Peter decided he needed some time to cope with what had happened to him. He didn't know if what had happened to him was real or not; didn't know if he wanted to know the answer. He suggested to May that he would like to continue therapy but through someone who was licensed. Ben wasn't supportive of this idea at first but eventually came around. He could hear May arguing about it with his uncle in the kitchen at night.

Ned brought his things by on his way home from the Thompson's, and his friend's mother even waved at him from the car. Maybe things were changing.

Tony texted him every day. As time passed, the messages became more frequent. What once were only afternoon check-ins, evolved into good mornings then good nights. The first message he received from Tony after 8pm made him blush.

Tony: Did you eat something, Parker?

He had started calling Peter by his last name. It made the times when Tony used his name even sweeter, and when he said 'Pete,' it did things to him.

But there was something enigmatic about Tony calling him 'Parker,' and he couldn't quite get a grasp of what it was exactly. He had a theory. If something was of the more serious variety, Tony called him 'Parker' as if to put a playful spin on the words to distract Peter into telling the truth. It worked.

Peter: Of course

Tony: Which was??

Peter: Pizza

Tony: Healthy.

Tony: How many slices?

Peter: One.

It was hard for Peter to keep down food of the more greasy variety.

Tony: Anything else?

Peter: Well I had a sandwich after school, so it's not like that was all I ate or anything

Tony: Did your aunt make it for you?

Peter: Maybe

Tony: I'm jealous.

Peter had frowned at that. He didn't know exactly what Tony meant by that and wasn't sure if he wanted to know. Was he jealous of the sandwich or the fact his aunt spoiled him? Or, was Tony jealous that Peter was eating the sandwich instead of him?

Whoa, Parker, get your head out of the gutter.

That text was what started the late night chats. Every evening, Tony asked if Peter had eaten. In class, he daydreamed about telling Tony that he hadn't eaten. In his head, Tony would chastise Peter but bring him takeout which he would deliver through the window. Peter would suggest that Tony stay so he wouldn't have to eat alone. Peter would put on Netflix, then one episode of *The Office* would turn into the next until they had finished an entire season, and it was too late for Tony to go home.

Tony would try to sleep on the floor, but Peter would say there was plenty of room in the bed. Then, somehow they would end up cuddling, and the rest was history.

"Mr. Parker?"

That voice, that sweet, deep voice pulled him from his thoughts. He put a hand to his cheek to hide the crimson in his face.

What was going on?

Tony was at the front of the classroom, pencil tucked behind his ear. He took a mental photo in his head for later.

"You still with us?"

Peter sucked on his ginger lollypop happily. "Yes, sir."

Tony raised an eyebrow as if challenging him. "Then, you wouldn't mind coming to the board?"

He frowned. Why was Tony doing this to him? Normally, Tony didn't mind if he didn't look at him, or was he being that obvious? He realized nothing he had in his notes even remotely matched what was on the board.

Next to him, MJ's pencil flew across her sketchpad because he was definitely going into crisis mode. When he stood up, Peter noticed that she had already drawn the front of the classroom and was waiting expectantly for Peter himself.

At the front, he took a deep breath and kept his back to the rest of the class. The problem on the board wasn't that complicated if he had been paying attention. He struggled through, and Tony pointed out a mistake, standing so close to Peter that he smelt the coffee on his breath.

"Good job, Parker."

Peter flushed and returned to his seat. *Parker, Parker, Parker.* When he was packing up his things, a paper slipped onto his desk, facedown. His heart leapt until he realized it was from MJ. It was the drawing. On the back, a tiny note was scrawled.

This belongs to you.

The drawing was in a different style than her usual, but that wasn't the only thing unusual about her drawing. It featured both him and Tony. He was standing in front of the board, hands clasped in front of him while looking sideways at Tony. His eyes were huge and cheeks colored indicating a blush. Tony had his eyebrows raised with a hand out towards the class. A speech bubble attached to his mouth read, 'Good job, Parker.'

Later, in English, Peter couldn't resist thanking MJ for the picture.

Her face remained expressionless and voice, toneless. "You're welcome."

He couldn't quite let go of the subject. "I thought you only draw people in crisis."

MJ stared at him. "Maybe you are."

It wasn't until later, when he received a text from Tony, that it dawned on Peter that MJ knew about his crush on their physics teacher. Well, that was embarrassing.

Tony: How dare you pass notes in my class, Parker ;)

Peter pulled the drawing out from where he had it stashed in his binder. He liked to look at it and had put it into a sheet protector once it had started to wrinkle.

Was it jealousy that Tony was trying to cover? Maybe he was trying to figure out what 'the note' was about without asking directly. The idea that Tony was jealous did things to Peter, but he didn't want Tony thinking that Peter was interested in MJ in that way.

In a moment of bravery, or sheer recklessness, he sent a picture of the drawing.

It was fifteen minutes before Tony responded, fifteen agonizing minutes of Peter wondering if he had made a mistake. His response was even more enigmatic than calling Peter by his last name.

Tony: Cute.

He had to come up with a good comeback, if nothing else, then to keep the conversation going.

Peter: Technically, it was after class, so

He realized that Tony had been watching him. If Peter hardly ever looked at Tony, he didn't know how often Tony looked at him.

Tony: I'm going to allow that...

He imagined Tony's voice as sarcastic yet playful, and he smiled. Would it be too far if he said,

Peter: Good, though I wasn't asking permission x

Tony: Good night, Mr. Parker.

And he couldn't resist.

Peter: Good night, Mr. Stark.

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for the long wait.

Swimming Through Emotions

Chapter Summary

Peter tries out for the swim team...

Therapy was going well. Peter and Dr. Ava talked about healthy ways to cope with his sexuality while living at home basically, 'undercover'. He wasn't sure how confidential things were between the two, but he decided that he wasn't going to talk about Beck just yet. They did, however, talk a lot about Tony.

"Tony's my best friend," Peter had said with a blush.

"Do you go to school with him?"

"Yes?"

"That's great."

If only Dr. Ava really knew who Tony was. That would be a whole other can of worms to sift through.

He also found ways to cope with the anger he harbored against Flash.

They talked about the eating disorder and the cutting which led to talking about the swim team. Dr. Ava was pushing for Peter to get back into the activities he once did, but he was worried about cutting back his shifts at work.

"Does having money make you feel better?" She had asked.

Eventually, she got Peter to admit that he felt more in control when he had money.

"Money is power," he joked.

But something truly amazing happened soon after he started proper therapy.

Dr. Ava recommended that May take him for another physical, and Peter passed. It turned out that Tony's encouragement had actually aided him in gaining the right amount of weight to be considered for the swim team. Peter still needed to try out, however, but because he went everywhere on his bike, he had remained in okay shape.

The day after passing his physical, Peter stayed after school to tell Tony the good news in person. He held a copy of his physical in one hand and a proud grin on his face as he headed for the physics classroom.

Tony, who had been packing his briefcase for the day, straightened up when Peter stood in the doorway.

"Peter," the other smiled genuinely. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

He held the copy of his physical out, and Tony raised an eyebrow but took the paper.

“What do we have here?”

Peter couldn't wait any longer, “I passed my physical!”

Tony's face lit up. “That's excellent, buddy!”

What Peter did next, surprised them both. He rushed towards his teacher and wrapped his arms around the man, inhaling deeply as he did so.

“Oh, um...” Tony didn't reciprocate at first but gently patted him on the back.

Peter ducked out of the hug before he could become ill. He, then, felt acutely embarrassed at his strong reaction. They stood there awkwardly for a couple of moments while Peter shifted from foot to foot, and Tony shifted his hands from his hips to his pockets and back to his hips.

“I was wondering,” he said shyly, avoiding eye contact. “Could you maybe come to my tryout?”

Tony complicated for a moment before releasing a breath through his nose that brushed against Peter's face. He resisted the urge to breathe in to find out exactly what Tony's nasal cavity smelled like. That was gross, right?

“Of course, Pete.”

There it was. That precious nickname Peter had come to desire falling from his teacher's lips. Not Parker, not Peter, but Pete, as if they were old friends.

Peter beamed. “Thank you, Mr. Stark!”

“It's no problem.”

Everyone but Flash was excited to see Peter walk in the natatorium with Mr. Stark who immediately went to greet Coach Fury.

“Hey, everyone,” Peter said and went to the locker room to change into his swimming gear.

A ball of anxiety was working its way from his stomach into his chest, but he breathed deeply and wet his hair and swim cap. There was a mixture of fear and excitement in his eyes as he placed the cap over his head and tucked an errant curl into the stretchy material. In the mirror, he could see he was thinner than before, and his arm muscles had certainly suffered the most. However, Peter hoped that his glutes and hamstrings would make up for whatever power he lacked in his upper body.

The team was competitive, and Peter needed to swim a 22 second 50 yard free-style in order to qualify for State which he had been able to do the previous year. However, sprinting had never been his strong suit, so he decided he would swim a 100 yard free-style for the try-out which he needed to swim in just 50 seconds.

County was only a few weeks away, and they couldn't afford for Peter to qualify for County in the next meet if he wasn't going to State.

He warmed up with the rest of the team trying not to show off just because Tony was there. He stood with his arms crossed next to Coach Fury, and the pair talked with their heads close together while Coach Fury periodically blew the whistle indicating the next drill for warm-ups.

Having Tony there was a distraction, and if Peter wasn't careful, he would lose his breath, so he needed to focus on swimming and swimming only. This was hard because his crush was standing a few lanes away on the concrete. Peter was very aware of his speedo clad self. He had shaved every inch of hair from his body the night before in order to get that smooth glide through the water and increase his chances of qualifying for State.

After warm ups, it was time.

"Let's go, Parker!" Tony's voice rang out when he mounted the platform.

C'mon, Parker .

He breathed steadily, trying to keep his heart from accelerating past pure adrenaline. The whistle blew, and he dove in with a perfect dive out towards the center of the pool where he dolphin kicked for the life of him. Before he knew it, he flip turned and was making his way down to the other end. He needed to pace himself and breathe. So far, Peter had only taken two breaths and needed a third halfway down the pool.

Above the sound of the water rushing past his cap and his own splashing, he could hear Tony cheering him on.

At that point, he allowed himself to feel excitement as he gracefully moved through the water back down to the other side. After his final flip turn, Peter released his last peak of adrenaline and high-tailed it for the finish line.

Peter slapped the pool edge.

"What was my time?" He gasped out.

Tony offered a hand, and Peter allowed himself to be pulled from the water.

"52:35."

Fury's voice boomed out.

"What?"

Peter couldn't hear himself. Disappointment crushed his chest, and his ears rang. He sat down on the concrete not caring about the roughness against his newly shaved legs.

Two people knelt in front of him.

"Parker," Tony was saying.

Everyone was talking at once around them. Why did they sound so happy? He hadn't made the team.

Suddenly, Peter was airborne and in the water once more. He floundered at first but made it to edge. His mind cleared up.

"Congratulations, Parker," Fury crowed. "You made the team. We'll work on shaving off those seconds in the coming months."

The team took a break, then.

"You okay?" Tony asked after Peter hauled himself up to the edge of the pool.

"I don't understand. Why did Coach let me back on the team? I didn't qualify."

"Trust me, Peter, you earned it."

Tony was smiling down at him, but Peter felt sick. He didn't want people to make an exception for him. He just wanted to be normal again, wanted to be a good swimmer.

The physics teacher stayed for the remainder of practice, grading papers while intermittently looking out to the pool where Peter swam with everything he had in him. He would shave those minutes off, no matter what. Tony's gaze spurred him on even more.

Peter's arms and legs felt numb and tingly as he showered and dressed in a comfy set of joggers and a hoodie. There was a problem, he discovered, as he shakily pulled his backpack over his shoulder: he would have to bike home.

Tony was nowhere to be found when Peter exited the locker room which was a disappointment. He moodily made his way down the sidewalk, towing his bike while grimacing. He really shouldn't have overdone it. The remaining practices that week would be living hell.

In his exhaustion, Peter didn't notice when a car pulled up next to him.

"Parker," someone called.

He jumped and looked around wildly. Tony. An unmistakable grin plastered itself to his face.

"Hey," he called out and slowly pulled his bike over to the car. "What's up?"

"You need a ride?"

It was a treat to see Tony lift his bike into the trunk of his car which, luckily, his teacher had cables to keep the trunk closed because it didn't fit in the sleek sports car.

"Where to, underoos?"

Peter scrunched up his eyebrows in confusion. "Underoos?"

"Yeah, you can't convince me that your little speedo wasn't."

He rolled his eyes but felt warm all over. Tony's comment about his speedo was practically the same thing as Tony commenting on his underwear.

"Yeah, yeah."

Peter gave the directions to his house. He may have given the long way so that they took a few unnecessary side streets and went around the block a couple of times. He couldn't help it.

The chlorine emanating from his swimsuit covered any trace of Tony's cologne in the small space, so Peter could think clearly for once. It was nice to be in his teacher's proximity without feeling nauseous.

Rock music played softly in the background giving a soothing effect and the lyrics, Peter could just make out.

I saw your eyes

And you touched my mind

Although it took a while

I was falling in love

Peter bounced his head a little and tapped his fingers against his thigh. If Tony noticed they were circling the block, he didn't say anything.

When the song ended, he caught Peter's eye. "You like that song?"

"Yeah, it's cool."

Tony had an odd facial expression, then, like he was pressing his lips together to hold back whatever was on the brink of slipping from his mouth.

"It's right here," Peter said.

His teacher unloaded the bike and held it out by its handle for Peter to take. Their fingers brushed, of course.

Did Tony feel what he felt? If he did, he gave no indication.

"Thanks for the ride," he called out.

"No problem."

Although Peter's muscles ached, he made it inside just fine; his mind was very preoccupied with the events of the day.

The Playlist

Chapter Summary

Tony sends Peter his playlist he curated for his star pupil...

Just a week before county, Peter lay across his bed with his physics homework spread out around him. He always saved it for last and took his time with it. The time he spent on his physics homework felt like being in Tony's presence. He relished it.

His cheepo phone lit up.

Tony: My playlist, Mr. Parker.

Indeed, attached was a link to a private playlist on YouTube. The first song being from the day Tony drove Peter home after his try-out.

'Space Age Love Song' by A Flock of Seagulls.

Peter had googled the lyrics weeks ago to find the song which he listened to on repeat before falling asleep every night.

The title of the playlist was: Rec List for Mr. Parker.

It took at least five minutes for Peter to wrap his mind around the fact that Tony had curated this list especially for Peter.

'Dear Mr. Fantasy' by Traffic

'Mad Sounds' by Arctic Monkeys

'Blitzkrieg Bop' by The Ramones

'Never Too Much' by Luther Vandross

'The Underdog' by Spoon

'Jingle Bells' by Bombay Dub

'Supersonic Rocket Ship' by The Kinks

'Fortunate Son' by Creedence Clearwater Revival

'Clint Eastwood' by Gorillaz

'Harvest Moon' by Neil Young

Peter had chuckled lightheartedly at the random Christmas song thrown into the list. It was true; Christmas was less than six weeks away.

The first time Peter listened to the playlist through, his mind was reeling, especially with the last song on the list. Compared to the others, it was quite a random addition, tacked onto the end like an afterthought.

Peter: Gee, Mr. Stark I don't know what to say...

The response was almost immediate, and Peter rolled over onto his stomach on the bed to read it.

Tony: Is that sarcasm that I detect, Mr. Parker?

Peter smirked when the next message rolled through.

Tony: What did you really think?

Peter: It was amazing, sir. Thank you

Tony: Anytime.

Peter: The Christmas song was a nice addition but I have to tell you, sir. I'm not much of a Christain anymore.

Tony: Shit. I wasn't thinking. I'm really sorry, Pete. I can remove it if you want.

Peter: I was just kidding

There wasn't a response, and Peter began to feel a little guilty about his not funny prank. *I'm such an idiot*, he thought to himself.

His phone suddenly lit up with an incoming call.

"Hi," he squeaked.

"Mr. Parker," Tony greeted. He didn't sound mad but jovial, actually.

"Hello, sir."

"What's with the sudden formalities? We're not in class."

Peter blushed and was glad his teacher couldn't see him at that moment. "I- I don't know. It just felt appropriate?"

Tony spluttered and coughed. He must have been drinking something. "Formalities and preoccupation with propriety."

"You're the one always calling me Mr. Parker or Parker. You hardly ever say Peter or just Pete," he defended himself.

"You caught me."

Peter noted that Tony sounded lighter somehow. Was he drinking alcohol? Maybe he could use this to his advantage.

"So, to what do I owe the pleasure of a phone call from the great physics teacher, Mr. Stark?"

There was the sound of ice clinking around a glass then the sucking noise of a cube in his teacher's mouth. He whined a little bit on accident.

“I can’t call my star pupil?”

Peter felt all glowy, and he rolled off of his stomach onto his back once more. “You’re just saying that.”

“I’ve seen your GPA, sweetheart.”

Phone calls? Sweetheart? God, he loved it.

His dick was starting to wake up at the low rumble of his teacher’s voice. He wondered if it was an effect of the alcohol.

“Is my GPA really high, Mr. Stark?” He whispered into the receiver.

“Christ, Pete,” Tony groaned. “You don’t know what you do to me.”

“I might have an idea by now, sir.” Peter replied then asked because he had to. He couldn’t let himself cling to hope that wasn’t stable. “Are you drunk?”

“Eh... a little. Why? Don’t you like me letting loose a little bit?”

Peter didn’t answer; he knew the sober Tony would be mortified by drunk Tony’s loose tongue. Maybe it was best to end the phone call to maintain whatever dignity Tony had left.

He rearranged his papers on his bed so as not to wrinkle his physics homework. He couldn’t stand it if Tony thought he was messy. No, he’d rather iron his work or swallow it all together than turn in something subpar to the subject of his adoration.

“You doing homework, Pete?”

There it was again. *Pete* .

“Yeah, my physics teacher was a complete dick today and assigned like thirty problems for homework.” Peter grinned at his own audacity.

“Take that back.”

“Nope.”

Tony groaned then: “You know you love it.”

“You know me well.” Peter admitted. “I do love it.”

His own voice had turned a husky tone that he had never heard come out of his own mouth, and Peter wondered if Tony could hear it as well.

Another groan. Peter was winning at life.

“I should go and let my star pupil get his beauty sleep,” Tony said, soberly.

“Sleep? Who needs sleep?”

“You do, you little shit.”

Peter laughed at that. “Alright, alright. Don’t get your feathers ruffled.”

Tony snorted.

Neither made a move to hang up the phone, and Peter wondered if Tony was just as reluctant to end this strange phone call as he was. Oh, the possibilities were endless.

“Tony,” he whispered just as the other said, “Peter.”

They both chuckled and argued about who would speak first for a good minute. Finally, Tony relented, “I was just going to wish you a good night and happy listening.”

Peter had a feeling that wasn’t what Tony was going to say at all but didn’t want to push the man. After all, he was lucky to have him and didn’t want to test his newfound luck.

“What were you going to say?” Tony prodded.

“Nothing, just wondering if you’re coming to county is all.”

“Of course,” Tony said immediately. “You know I am.”

“The reassurance is nice, anyway.”

Tony sighed, and Peter could almost feel the brush of the older man’s breath across his face. “You need your rest, Parker. I don’t want to be responsible for your failure, academically or nautically.”

Back to formalities, it was.

He frowned. “You could never, Mr. Stark. If anything, you’re responsible for my success.”

“Aw, you’re making me blush.”

“I’m serious!”

“So am I.”

It was Peter’s turn to blush. He had never stopped being hard in his jeans, and Tony was just egging him on.

“Mr. Stark...”

“Good night, Mr. Parker. Happy listening.”

He barely replied, “Good night, Mr. Stark” before the other cut the call.

Then, he couldn’t stand it anymore.

Peter pulled out his dick and quickly fumbled around for his earbuds to put on Mad Sounds by Arctic Monkeys. He tried to go slow, rhythmically with the smooth beat. But it wasn’t to be as Peter hammered away, fist blurring with his rapid pace. Soon, he was moaning into his other fist one name over and over.

“Tony, Tony, Tony, fuck me Tony.”

There, he’d said it. He wanted Tony, Mr. Stark, the physics teacher to fuck him. *Take that, Beck, you stupid piece of shit.*

Peter put the song on repeat and lay back into his pillows. He had some major plotting to do if he was ever going to get Tony to even remotely come close to fucking him. In the end, he decided that it wouldn’t be too hard to at least get a kiss. At least, with that, he would have an ‘in’. The rest

would be cake. And even if all he ever got was a kiss, Peter decided he could be happy with that.

He let the song lull him to sleep. He'd finish his homework in the morning, a first.

Space Magic

Chapter Summary

Tony supports Peter at the county meet...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The week before County, things seemed to cool off between Peter and his favorite physics teacher. He was more worried that his moral support wouldn't show up than for the meet itself. He was swimming a 200 free, 100 breast, and was in several relays doing all four strokes. He was honestly surprised that Fury had him doing the butterfly stroke considering he had yet to build his upper body muscles back to their pre-eating disorder state.

"When we were strangers, I watched you from afar." Peter couldn't get the line from Harvest Moon out of his head, the seemingly random song at the end of the playlist. But maybe it wasn't random at all considering the days of eating lunch in Tony's classroom with the Born This Way group, and he could remember Tony's eyes following him around the room. Whenever he looked up, he would catch his gaze, and he didn't know the man then. They were strangers, so the lyrics fit perfectly.

Friday, the day before the County meet, Peter found his feet moving towards the physics classroom despite having already decided how uncool it would be if he showed up looking for validation even after Tony had sent that playlist.

Tony smiled easily when he saw Peter standing in the doorway.

"What's up, Pete?"

Not Parker, then, huh?

He shrugged, "Just stopping by to say hey."

His teacher's lips quirked to the side, "Hey."

Peter snorted and ran his fingers through his hair. "Yeah."

Tony was busy sifting through books seemingly looking for something. Peter shifted from foot to foot and readjusted his backpack on his shoulder.

Tony glanced up. In that small moment where their eyes met, the week that stretched behind them suddenly seemed a lot shorter, and Peter felt like an idiot for being so insecure.

"Need something?"

Peter's eyes popped open. "N-need something? No, I. Uh, well," he began, wondering if he could be any more awkward. "I was wondering if you were still coming to the meet tomorrow? Mr.

Stark,” he added.

The man’s back was to Peter now, so he couldn’t see his face. “Yeah, of course.”

Tony flashed a beaming smile over his shoulder that had Peter melting in his shoes. Every blood vessel in his face seemed to activate at that moment, and it became super warm. If Tony noticed, he didn’t say anything. Peter knew he was too cool or too nice to point out his raging crush.

However, that smile gave Peter the strength that he needed to ask the next question. “So, I had another question.”

Tony was pulling more books from the shelf behind his desk and rifling through them.

“Shoot.”

“It’s about the song, Harvest Moon.”

To Peter, it seemed that Tony’s shoulders became slightly rigid and his page turning halted for a nanosecond.

“Oh, yeah,” Tony shrugged. “Sorry about that. I think I accidentally added it to the wrong playlist. You know, us old folk and technology.”

Peter raised his eyebrow at the joke. Tony was certainly not an idiot, and Peter was sure the man knew more about technology than the entire 5th period physics class combined. It seemed like a weak excuse which made Peter feel things.

“So,” Tony said, too casually. “What did you think of it?”

Peter could tell that Tony wasn’t really seeing the pages anymore. He filed away everything that was happening between them to be analyzed later.

“Harvest Moon?”

“Uh-huh.”

More looking through books.

“I dig it, kind of has soundtrack vibes,” Peter began, testing the waters. “Specifically the line: Because I’m still in love with you. I want to see you dance again.”

“Ah!” Tony cried suddenly, and Peter jumped in alarm.

“What?”

“Found it.” Tony was holding a piece of paper he had pulled from a book. “Nanoparticles. Take a look at this, Pete.”

Peter raised an eyebrow and slowly approached his teacher. The heat from Tony’s body radiated along with his expensive cologne. He held his breath before he realized he didn’t even need to do that.

He timidly stepped up to Tony’s side to look at the article. Tony had taken off his blazer so that he was just in a band t-shirt allowing his arm hair to brush against Peter’s. If Tony felt the electrons bouncing between them, he didn’t show any sign other than the slight hitch in his breathing.

Peter feigned interest in the article while privately analyzing the fact that Tony had been looking for this before he had even stepped foot in the classroom. Tony had known Peter would stop by. And that was very interesting.

Peter yawned and shivered with pre-race jitters as he walked on the pathway up to the natatorium. Ben and May had dropped him at the front before beginning their search for a parking space. Kids from schools all over the county were milling around with their team colors on. Peter had on his own school's blue and gold hoodie paired with some joggers and flip-flops. His competitors side-eyed him as he searched for any one of his teammates while stifling yet another yawn.

It turns out, staying up until 2am thinking about his physics teacher was a terrible idea, but Peter couldn't get his brain to shut off, and even worse, the lyrics from Harvest Moon kept going in and out of his mind long after he pulled his earbuds out. Even if Tony hadn't meant to add that song to the playlist he sent Peter, Tony was still listening to that song and had added it to *a* playlist. So, what did that mean?

The place on his thigh where his phone rested in his pocket was warmer than usual whenever he thought about the text Tony sent that morning.

Tony: Good luck, kid ;)

What was with the winky face? Honestly, if Tony wanted Peter to swim well, he had better stop with the distractions.

When Peter finally entered the natatorium, he felt a bit overwhelmed with the sheer amount of swimmers and families. The benches were already crowded, and Peter gazed around not so subtly for a man with salt and pepper hair and a goatee. No luck, but Coach Fury was waving him over.

"Where you been, Parker? Warm-ups started twenty minutes ago."

His coach had a clipboard in hand and looked acutely stressed while Peter fumbled for an explanation other than lack of sleep from thinking of his inappropriate crush.

"Never mind. Just get in the water."

Warm-ups at meets were always a disaster for Peter. His excitement and nerves got the best of him the first few laps, and Coach Fury pulled him aside to have a chat.

"Listen, Parker," Fury whispered fiercely while Peter clutched the side of the pool. "I need you to get it together. You're in almost every relay. I *cannot* have you doing what you're doing now."

But Peter spotted Tony in the stands. The man gave a subtle wave, and Peter smiled and waved not so subtly back.

"Parker, what-" Fury turned around and sighed. "I know you're excited to see your girlfriend, but I need you to pull it together."

Peter frowned. *Girlfriend?*

"Oh my God," he murmured when he realized that Liz was sitting a few rows in front of Tony with his parents. She thought Peter was excited to see her. *Great*.

Well, at least Ben and May would think he was straight, he thought bitterly as he swam down the

lane.

And close to the front, the Thompsons sat, gazing around at their son's competition. It was the first meet they had attended all season, and Peter wanted to feel sorry for Flash but couldn't. He felt thrilled that someone like Tony came to support him. Because the Thompsons were there, it felt more than just support for swimming but support for Peter's sexuality.

Speaking of, now that he knew that Tony was there, he couldn't swim like a drowning seal anymore. He mentally pulled it together and gave his competition something to be nervous about. When he pulled himself from the water, perhaps a bit too slowly to give his muscles a chance to show themselves, Fury slapped him on the back.

"Nice job, Parker."

Peter smirked and glanced towards the stands, but Tony was no longer sitting in the same spot. Well, shit. Had the man left? What if he saw Liz and thought-

"Peter."

He turned around to find the man himself standing in front of him.

"Hey, Mr. Stark."

Peter was acutely aware that he was standing in a speedo in front of a fully clothed Tony. It felt raw, and more than just a little kinky.

"Just wanted to say, good luck, kid," Tony punched his arm lightly.

Since when did he do that?

Peter wasn't complaining, though, and punched Tony's arm as well, just to see. To test, really. "Thank you, sir. And thanks for coming out."

"Wouldn't miss it for the world."

Maybe it was the heat from so many bodies or the strong chlorine, but Tony's cheeks were a peculiar shade of pink.

Fury came over then. "I didn't know you would be here, Stark."

They began a conversation, and Peter left them to it. A look at the stands proved that both Ben and May were frowning. Was that suspicion in Ben's eyes?

Peter joined the rest of his teammates but kept an eye on the brunette. There was something about the way his teacher's jeans hugged his ass and his own school hoodie clung to his chest muscles that had Peter grabbing a towel to hide his speedo-clad lower half.

"Hi, Peter."

He turned around quickly. "Liz."

She bounced forward and kissed him on the cheek. Well, the erection problem was solved.

"How are you?" Peter asked blandly as Liz linked their hands together.

"I'm great! How are you? Excited for the meet?"

Peter shrugged. "A bit nervous, too, but that's normal."

Liz grabbed both of his shoulders then and gazed seriously into his eyes. Peter was worried that she would kiss him, then she began slowly breathing in and out, exaggeratedly. "Just breathe with me, Peter."

He followed her movements and looked over Liz's shoulder to see Tony staring at him. His expression was unreadable, and Peter knew that he was giving the wrong impression by allowing Liz to put her hands on his bare chest. He shrugged out of her grip.

"Alright, I'll see you later," Peter said, clapping her on the shoulder as if she were his teammate.

"Okay..." Her confused voice trailed after him as he headed for the locker room.

Peter felt Tony's eyes burning holes into his bare upper torso and legs all the way out.

It was almost too easy qualifying for state. Peter and the rest of his teammates chattered excitedly in the locker room while showering and pulling their clothes back on.

Coach Fury had already reserved the backroom of an Italian restaurant for the swimmers and their families. Peter hoped that Tony would stick around.

In every heat, Tony had been alongside Fury and the rest of the team, cheering him on. Peter wondered if anyone had noticed and, especially, if May or Ben had noticed. It was odd having his aunt and uncle in the same vicinity as the object of his affection considering that the object was also said male who was helping Peter cope with the aftermath from the conversion therapy camp they had sent him to.

Then, there was the suspicion on Ben's part, or had Peter imagined it? Maybe every parent would wonder why an older man was hanging around their kid. It still bothered him that Tony was technically no longer his secret anymore.

On exiting the locker room, Peter was bombarded by his girlfriend and her kiss on the cheek. Liz threw her arms around him.

"Congratulations, Peter!"

"Thanks," he mumbled into her curly hair and awkwardly patted her on the back.

May and Ben were next.

May gathered Peter into a hug that he didn't altogether reject, and Ben clapped him on the shoulder.

"Good job, buddy."

Arrangements were being made for rides over to the restaurant while Peter craned his neck for a certain brunette in tight jeans and a school hoodie. There, he was, leaning against the wall by the locker room door. Peter had walked right past him.

Tony had sunglasses and a ballcap on, now, which was probably why he hadn't noticed him.

Peter excused himself and made a bee-line back towards the natatorium, being sure to make eye contact with the man, hinting.

He wasn't entirely sure that Tony would follow him back into the now dark and shadowy building.

The water glowed but still rippled from the activity of the day.

Peter's stomach danced with nerves as he waited. The smell of the familiar chlorine was a small comfort as he figured out what he wanted to say.

The door opened and closed and cool, winter air swirled around Peter's damp hair, and he shivered.

Tony stood beside him, and neither spoke for a minute.

"I owe you a lot," Peter began, but Tony was already speaking.

"So, you have a girlfriend?"

Peter scrunched up his face and barked out a laugh. "She's not my girlfriend."

Tony looked more than a little embarrassed. "Right," he said in a strangely high-pitched voice. "You were saying?"

Peter looked at him, a million scenarios going through his mind. In most of them, he saw himself pushing Tony under the bleachers and kissing him.

"I- I was just saying that I owe you a lot. Just wanted to thank you for being there for me and helping me get my life back on track." Peter smiled nervously and clutched his hands together.

Tony's face was soft at that moment, and he dropped a hand onto Peter's shoulder and squeezed. "You're welcome, Peter."

Did Tony feel it, too?

The space beneath Tony's fingers heated up, and Peter wanted to slip out of his hoodie so he could feel those fingers on his bare skin. Unlike Liz's hand, Tony's wrapped around Peter's shoulder, and his long fingers splayed along his back.

Tony moved his hand down Peter's shoulder to his bicep and lightly squeezed.

Peter felt as if he were suspended in time waiting for either one of them to make a move. He so badly wanted to close the distance between them and press his lips to Tony's, but what if someone walked in? Ben and May were just on the other side of the door along with the rest of his team and their families.

It was too late when Tony dropped his hand back to his side and smiled crookedly.

"Come on. Let's get something to eat."

Peter was a little worried that Tony wouldn't show up to the restaurant after what had transpired by the pool, but it was needless as the man was chatting with Coach Fury when Peter walked in with Liz and his aunt and uncle.

Liz sat beside Peter while Tony sat with the adults. It almost gave him a heart palpitation when he noticed that Tony and Ben were in a polite conversation about science as if the parent teacher conference had never happened. Peter wondered if anyone else could see the tightness in Tony's lips as he spoke to Ben.

Beside him, Liz would, every once in a while, would touch Peter's arm, and he cringed a bit as her long nails scratched his neck at one point when she playfully ran a hand through his hair.

It was thrilling to see Tony's nostrils flare, and Peter knew he would be up again into the wee hours of the night, analyzing the events of the day.

It was around 10 o'clock at night when everyone left the restaurant, and they dropped Liz back off at home. Her house was in Flash's neighborhood, Peter noticed.

"What a lovely girl," May commented as they waited for her to unlock the door and wave, so that they could drive home.

"Yeah," Peter agreed, but he was busy thinking of some way to open up a dialogue with Tony.

He knew some boundaries had been pushed today and that some things that transpired between the pair were more than a little friendly. He pulled out the cheepo making sure neither Ben nor May were paying attention, first.

Peter: hey

Tony: Hey yourself.

Tony: You were awesome today, btw. Swam your little heart out

That gave Peter the perfect opening.

Peter: Well I was inspired so

"Your physics teacher seems nice," May said.

Peter glanced up from the screen to find Ben watching him closely in the mirror.

"Mr. Stark. Uh, yeah. He's pretty cool."

His heart raced while he feigned indifference.

"Had nothing but good things to say about you," May mused, proudly.

Tony was saying good things about him to Ben and May? His chest flushed under his hoodie.

Ben didn't say anything.

When Peter got home, he quickly raced to his room to have privacy with his phone. He stripped out of his joggers and hoodie until he was just in his boxers and cuddled up into his covers.

There were two messages from Tony.

Tony: Oh?

Tony: Do explain, dear.

Dear ? Peter's heart leapt into his throat at that. Tony calling him dear was the single best thing that had happened that day aside from when Tony had squeezed his bicep. Peter was dying to know if his teacher liked what he had felt there.

Peter: I liked that you were watching me

There were a few minutes between Peter's and Tony's messages, and Peter wondered if he had pushed too far with his wording.

Tony: Dangerous territory.

Peter shivered then typed: You were the one feeling me up. Do you not remember, old man?

Even more time passed before Tony responded.

Tony: No comment.

Peter smirked and daringly wrote: Did you at least like what you felt

The response was almost immediate: God kid

Peter: What

Tony: I feel like we're crossing a line here

Peter: Aren't lines meant to be crossed??

He smirked at what Tony said next: You sound too much like me

Peter: You're a great guy, should be honored to sound like you

Peter: But you didn't answer the question

Peter: Sir

There was an incoming call from Tony.

"Hey," Peter said, too chipper due to his nerves.

"I'm old, kid."

Peter laughed quietly, glancing at the door.

"I'm your teacher."

"So?" Peter retorted.

"So, we can't do this." But Tony didn't sound like he wanted to hang up anytime soon. He sounded as if he was saying it just because it was supposed to be said in this situation.

"C'mon, Mr. Stark," Peter pleaded. "Tell me."

His eyes closed at the caress of Tony's breath through the phone as he sighed. "Liked what I felt, liked what I saw."

"Knew it."

Tony laughed this time. "So, you just wanted to hear that you were right? Typical."

"I liked what I saw, too," Peter tried.

"Kid," Tony warned.

"Mr. Stark."

It came out more sultry than he had intended, but it worked in his favor as his teacher inhaled

sharply.

“Do you have to say it like that?” Tony actually groaned.

“Sorry,” Peter giggled.

“You little shit.” Then Tony imitated Peter’s voice. “*Mr. Stark .*”

It sounded like a line from a porno. Did he really say it like that?

“I don’t sound like that.”

Tony snorted. “Yeah, right.”

“*Peter , Pete , Parker , Kid ,*” Peter threw back.

“That... that’s not how I say it.”

Peter threw his head back and laughed at how he had overexagertaed the deepness. It sounded so raunchy.

There was a knock on his door.

“Ah, shit,” Peter whispered. “Hang on.”

He hid his secret phone under the pillow and quickly pulled out his other.

“Yes?”

May poked her head in and frowned. “You still up?”

“Uh, yeah,” Peter replied, trying not to look too excited.

“Who are you talking to?”

“Uh, no one.” Then, he thought of something believable. “Well, just Liz.”

“Hi, Liz,” May called.

Peter frowned at his phone. “Oh, she must have hung up.”

“Oh, well. Don’t stay up too late,” May chastised, but Peter could tell that she was secretly thrilled that he was talking to girls late into the night. She closed the door.

“Tony?” He whispered.

“Still here.”

His voice was off, though.

“Sorry about that. They’re really nosy.”

“Yeah.”

“Anyways...” Peter trailed off. The sexual tension from before had dissipated, and things felt awkward. “Are you okay?”

“Just... how do you do it, kid?”

He was thrown off by how angry Tony sounded all of the sudden. “D- do what?”

“They’re fucking relentless.”

Peter sighed. “I just grit and bear it until I get to college.”

“I’m sorry.”

“For what?” He hated where the conversation had led and despised his aunt for interrupting.

“That you have to deal with that. You shouldn’t have to. I remember how you were before,” Tony admitted.

Peter raised an eyebrow even though the other couldn’t see him. “Were you watching me? Before everything happened, I mean.”

“Always.”

“Always?” Peter squeaked back.

“Harvest Moon.”

Oh .

Then, Tony did the sweetest thing anyone had ever done for Peter and sang softly. “When we were strangers, I watched you from afar.”

He skipped ahead. “Because I’m still in love with you. I want to see you dance again.”

Peter was thrown back to every time he had looked up and caught the mysterious physics teacher staring at him during lunch with the Born This Way group. It was like a movie flashing before his eyes.

Then, he had been shipped off to conversion therapy and come back a broken person. But Tony had been there through it all. When he was the depressed shell of himself, the one who didn’t eat or sleep. Who would get nauseous every time his body reacted to the attractive man that was Tony Stark. The picture MJ drew of the two at the front of the classroom should have been the biggest clue. Then, coaxing him into eating and eventually getting back on the swim team. It was raw, personal, dare he say it?

“You mean to say...?”

“I’m kind of in love with you, Pete.”

Omg, what did you all think?

I Want Your Midnights

Chapter Summary

Peter and Tony chat...

The admission itself was like a dam breaking for Peter. How he'd longed to hear his teacher utter those words and the nights he had stayed up wondering if it was all in his head. But it wasn't, and that was groundbreaking.

"Pete," Tony said. "Don't leave me hanging here. Please. Tell me what you're thinking."

How long had it been since the admission? Five minutes, ten minutes. Time didn't exist when he was on the phone with Tony.

"I'm here."

"Oh, thank God... "Tony?"

"Yes, dear?"

Peter smirked at the way Tony was trying to compose himself. "I wanna see you."

"Christ..."

Christ?

"When?" Tony asked.

"Right now?"

Tony's breathing became unnatural once more, and Peter grinned to himself. It was nice to have things out in the open after months of texting and flirtatious looks in the classroom. Peter realized that this was only the natural progression of things. It made sense.

"Please," Peter whispered into the phone.

"What about your aunt and uncle?"

“Oh my God,” Peter rolled his eyes. “I don’t really care what they think. Maybe I’ll tell them that I snuck over to Liz’s if they catch me.”

“Boy has an alibi,” Tony murmured to himself. “It’s tempting, but I could never put you in that position. Plus, I don’t need the disciples after me with their pitchforks.”

“C’mon,” Peter goaded. “I’m in love with you, and I wanna see you.”

Peter could tell that saying the words aloud to Tony had an effect on the man. He knew he was close to getting the man to come pick him up.

“Fine.”

“Really?”

A long sigh through his nose, “Yes, yes.”

There was the jingling sound of Tony’s keys, and Peter was snapped out of his dreamy state. He needed to get ready if Tony was coming to pick him up for a late night rendezvous. What did this even mean? Was Tony now his boyfriend? Were they going to have sex?

Peter shivered at that thought and felt a little nauseous. No, definitely not yet.

“Call me when you get here,” he said and hung up the phone.

He danced around in his underwear for a minute. Tony was in love with him, and he was going to pick him up in the middle of the night so that they could see each other. It was like a movie.

Peter ran to the bathroom and skidded on the tile when he stopped at the mirror. His hair was a little wild from being in chlorine all day and not drying properly. The curls were more pronounced than usual and hung in tendrils around his ears and down his forehead and the back of his neck. He played with them trying to get them to sit right, but there was no point and Tony would be here soon.

For clothes, Peter settled on a different pair of joggers than he had worn earlier, and a hoodie with a physics pun. Tony would appreciate that.

Soon, his phone lit up with an incoming call from the man himself.

“Hello?” He whispered. Could Tony tell that his voice was shaky?

“I’m here.”

“Okay, just hang on a sec.”

Peter hung up once more and debated about how he would get out of the house. He opened up his door and looked down the hallway. No, the wood was too creaky. It would have to be the window where he would climb carefully down the roof to where the trash can sat by the garage. He quickly put pillows and old stuffed animals under his covers to create a figure there just in case his aunt decided to check on him.

The window was a little stuck, and the freezing night air swirled through his bedroom when he finally got it open. Okay, so he would just slide down, roof to trashcan, trashcan to ground. Right.

Once out on the roof, Peter felt a little dizzy from the height. He could see Tony’s car parked a few houses down under a tree with its lights out.

“C’mon, Peter,” he encouraged himself before quickly sliding down the tiles toward the trash can. It happened so fast that he barely had time to grab the side of the fence before he could smack his face on the roof. His dangling feet touched the lid of the trashcan before letting himself drop stealthily.

“That was close,” he whispered to himself and jumped to the ground.

Peter jogged over to the waiting car where Tony reached over and opened his door.

“Hey,” Peter said with a grin.

Tony’s expression was priceless when Peter finally looked over after buckling himself in.

“That was... hot,” Tony settled on a word.

“Let’s go,” Peter urged, looking around wildly for nosy neighbors.

“Where to?”

“Yours, duh.”

“Oh, inviting yourself over, are you?” Tony mused as he put the car into drive, and they crept off into the night.

Peter could tell the man was nervous by the way he gripped the steering wheel and refused to look over.

With the adrenaline still rushing through his veins from sneaking out, Peter boldly reached over and squeezed Tony's thigh. It was very muscular.

What sounded like a groan escaped the other's lips. "Kid..."

"Mr. Stark."

Tony put his hand over Peter's and squeezed.

Peter very much enjoyed how big Tony's hand was in comparison to his own. The elder's palm was meaty, and his fingers were long and thick. Sprouts of dark hair extended down from his forearm onto his wrist.

They stayed that way the whole drive through the black night. It was thrilling to see everything under this secretive context of sneaking out to see a man thirty years his senior. A few months ago, he never would have dreamed he'd have the balls to do something of this caliber, but Tony was changing him.

Peter was led by the hand through the parking lot and up Tony's apartment. A few lights were still on. Overall, it was very clean considering this was an impromptu visit on Peter's behalf. Tony was such an adult, and he loved it.

Tony went to the kitchen to put on a kettle for some herbal tea. Peter noticed that this faintly echoed the last time he had been in his teacher's apartment; how much of a shit show that had been. He was glad he was past his nausea. Tony was really and truly too beautiful for Peter not to be able to look at fully.

Instead of sitting at the kitchen table, Tony handed Peter a mug and guided him by the elbow over to the sofa.

"Let's chat, kid."

Peter cupped his mug in both hands close to his chin so that the steam swirled up and into his eyes distorting Tony's face slightly. The man didn't make him nauseated anymore, but that didn't mean that Peter wasn't nervous.

Tony held his own mug delicately balanced in his long fingers with his arm balanced on the armrest of the sofa. Peter curled his feet under himself, swiveling his body so that he was more

comfortable. Now that he was in Tony's living room, the drowsiness from not sleeping the evening before and swimming competitively the whole day was getting to him. But more than anything, he felt at ease with Tony.

"What do you want to chat about?" He mused.

Tony didn't say anything and took a sip from the mug before returning his arm to the same position.

Peter felt as if by not saying anything, they were really saying everything. However, not saying anything meant that there were no full-on statements to dispute the racing thoughts in his mind. Was Tony having second thoughts about everything? Did he regret bringing him home tonight?

Movement startled Peter from his thoughts. Tony set down his mug on the coffee table and scooted over so that their legs were touching.

"Pete," Tony whispered.

"Tony?"

"Stop thinking."

Peter scoffed. "Then tell me what you want to chat about."

"I'm sorry. I keep losing my train of thought," Tony smirked.

Peter sipped casually from his mug. "Oh?"

"Don't pretend you don't know what you do to me."

Coyly, he shrugged. "I'm at a loss."

His nerves were making him say things that he couldn't account for.

Tony arched an eyebrow. "I've got thirty years on you, kid. I've seen every trick in the book, and I know what you're going to do before you even do it."

"Oooh, so scary."

“It should be.”

“I’m quaking.”

The older man laughed under his breath, and Peter took another sip from his mug. Did Tony see that his fingers were shaking?

“So, you’re in love with me?” Peter mused. He wanted to hear Tony say it aloud again.

Tony nodded and pushed a hand through his own hair and pulled one leg up to rest on the couch. “Yeah.”

“Can you tell me more about it? Like the beginning, I mean.” Did that sound stupid?

“You mean, how did a divorced physics teacher fall in love with his student? Is that what you mean, Mr. Parker?”

“Well, yeah. Like when did you notice me?” Peter’s face flamed, but he really wanted to hear Tony’s side of things.

“You’re kind of hard not to notice, kid.”

“Are you always this...?” Peter paused searching for the right word.

“Hard to deal with?” Tony offered.

He frowned. “I was going to say enigmatic.”

“Only when talking about myself. Run for the hills now, while you can.”

Peter could tell that Tony was only half joking and wondered about the divorce, who his ex-wife was, and why things ended. The more he thought about it, the more he realized he didn’t know this man at all. They just had a few things in common. That was it.

“Never.”

Then, Peter reached out to squeeze Tony’s thigh again like how he did in the car.

“Tell me,” he insisted.

“Well,” Tony began. “There was this adorable, confused boy always walking by my classroom but never coming in. Eventually, one of the other kids convinced him to eat lunch with the usual group that eats there. It was so cute the way he slowly came out of his shell each day that passed. He caught me staring a few times, actually. I thought I had been discovered. But, nope. Clueless.”

Peter pouted when Tony tapped him on the nose, but he secretly loved it.

“I could tell something was amiss, so I pulled him aside one day. He reassured me, but I just had this gut feeling that I shouldn’t believe him. Then, he disappeared.”

A moment of silence.

“There were rumors, Pete, but I just hoped that you had run away. Not- not this, what they did to you. It’s so fucked up. You came back quiet, subdued. Then, the cutting began, and I thought I would have to call child services. But we started talking, and I could tell you were getting better. It was helping, so I just said, what the hell? He’s eating, gaining weight, not cutting. You opened up to me.

“I just want you to know that we don’t ever have to talk about what this Beck guy did to you.”

Peter winced at the name. “We don’t. But I just want to know why you want to do this with me, and I want to acknowledge that you may not want to do anything more than hug or not even that. I just want to know what you want for me, so I can give it. I don’t want to pressure you I-”

“Tony, Tony, Tony...” Peter raised his hands up. “It’s okay. I don’t feel pressured, as you say. Can I- can I tell you something kind of personal?”

“I- yeah. Of course.”

He took a deep breath wondering if he should really go as far as to say this out loud. “I think about you when I, you know.”

Peter hoped that his raised eyebrows would indicate what he wanted to say.

“Come again?”

He giggled at the pun. “You know...”

“When you...?” Tony made the universal symbol for jacking off, and Peter felt like he was in a dream. Okay. Fucking hot.

“Oh my God,” Peter murmured, hiding behind his mug.

“No, no, no. Don’t hide, please.”

The mug was taken from his hands and set on the coffee table, and he properly hid behind his fingers. “It’s so embarrassing, and you’re so hot.”

“You think I’m hot?”

Peter peaked through his fingers, but Tony didn’t seem to be joking. “Uh, yeah.”

“I think you’re really hot,” Tony mused. “Today in your little speedo.”

He bit his fist, and Peter giggled, still red faced. Slowly, he sat back against the throw pillows. They were just like they always were. Two guys chatting.

“So, he likes the speedo,” Peter mumbled with a devilish grin. “Noted.”

“You’re too much, Parker,” Tony teased with a gentle shove to Peter’s shoulder. He could tell that Tony just did that as an excuse to touch him, but he wasn’t about to call him out on it.

“Parker? Really? Okay... Mr. Stark.”

Tony rolled his eyes, and they were quiet for a little while.

Peter spoke for both of them when he said, “So, now what?”

“You tell me.”

He smiled shyly and began inching his way towards Tony who watched him, carefully, as if he wasn’t sure what to expect. Peter wasn’t going to kiss the man, not yet anyway, and he sort of wanted Tony to be the one to initiate a kiss. That’s how he had always imagined it in his head.

Slowly, Peter leaned into Tony’s chest until the other man got the clue and lifted his left arm so that Peter could slot his shoulder into the space there. He breathed deeply noting the different scents of Tony’s deodorant. It was so nice not to be nauseated by him.

Tony rested his chin on Peter’s forehead, and they cuddled each other for a while. Tony rubbed Peter’s back soothingly while Peter clenched and unclenched his fist around Tony’s shirt.

“This is nice,” Peter mumbled at some point, and Tony just grunted in reply.

It sounded sleepy. He began to wonder if the other had fallen asleep when Tony pressed a kiss to the crown of Peter’s head, and that was... very nice. He smiled against Tony’s chest and realized that he could feel the slightly pointed shape of his nipple against his cheek. It felt so intimate to be pressed up against another man’s breast like that.

“Fuck...” Peter whispered.

“You want to?”

“What?”

“Nothing.”

Peter leaned back slightly to see Tony’s face. “I always want to, but I know I’m not ready, yet.”

The older man seemed unbothered by this.

“I was joking,” Tony replied and ran his fingers through Peter’s hair.

Peter frowned despite feeling like he was going to start purring any second. “You don’t want to?”

The other sighed. “Of course I want to. What do you take me for?”

Was it crazy that it was enough for Peter to know that he was wanted?

It was comforting, and he let himself doze until he was shaken awake.

“Hey,” Tony whispered into his ear. “Let’s get you home.”

Peter groaned in protest. “I don’t wanna... Can’t I just stay here with you? For like ever?”

“Yeah, I wish. Now, come on.”

He yawned and stretched. “What time is it anyway?”

“It’s 4 o’clock in the morning.”

Peter groaned again.

Tony sighed and finally lifted Peter up into his arms. He couldn't see, but Peter was grinning in victory. Tony heaved him through the door and down the stairs to the parking lot of the complex. Peter was impressed with Tony's strength as he was nimbly maneuvered into the passenger seat.

In the cold car, he felt more awake. He pulled his hood up to preserve warmth and watched Tony jog around to the other side, rubbing his hands together to create friction.

"I think I put my back out," Tony complained from the driver's seat.

Peter snickered. "I'm sorry."

"You don't sound very sorry."

Peter was worried that he really did hurt Tony for a moment before he saw the teasing grin. "I got the princess moment I always dreamed of. Now, how could I be sorry?"

Tony rolled his eyes. "So, what does that make me? Your Prince Charming?"

"Well, yeah." Peter frowned. Wait, no that wasn't right. "Although, you're more like the frog prince."

He snorted. "Why do you say that?"

"Because," And Peter paused for dramatic effect. "I haven't kissed you yet."

"So, what's the hold up?" Tony teased.

Peter didn't say anything and just smiled sleepily at the road. He was pleased with the events of the day. He found out he was going to State, and Tony admitted his feelings all in one day. Though they hadn't kissed or done anything romantic, he couldn't be happier.

They pulled up under the same tree as before, and Tony turned to Peter.

They stared at each other for a moment until finally hugging. Tony kissed Peter's cheek this time, and he blushed fiercely.

"Am I a prince yet?" Tony said into his ear, his breath causing Peter's curls to tickle his neck.

"No, silly. I have to kiss you."

“Oh, right. Of course.” Then, Tony winked at him.

“See you in class,” Peter whispered.

He could feel Tony’s eyes on him as he scrambled back up the roof and to his window. One last wave, and he ducked through the window out of sight.

Peter lay in bed for a while staring at the ceiling. He could smell Tony’s scent on his skin, especially on the shoulder that had been tucked under Tony’s arm. He might not ever wash this shirt. That was another thing: if Tony let him come over again, he could find an excuse to wear something of Tony’s home. Then, he could up with cuddle with it in bed and pretend that he wasn’t scared to have sex.

Speaking of, his dick was hard. He quickly took care of it, moaning softly into the dark. He hoped that one day he would be brave enough to actually do something with Tony instead of just dreaming about it.

Post-orgasmic bliss coaxed him to sleep.

Ribbit

Chapter Summary

Tony and Peter exist... lol I don't know a good description

Sunday mornings were annoying as hell. Peter hated getting up and getting dressed for church. The only thing good about that morning was that Tony sent him a message while he was sitting in the pew at church getting screamed at by Pastor Thompson. Ned and his family were a few rows away, and every once in a while, their eyes would meet. He could tell his old friend was slowly thawing towards him.

Peter opened the message in the bathroom. It was a picture of a frog with a crown.

Tony: Ribbit

Peter laughed quietly to himself.

Peter: Does your back still hurt

Tony: Maybe.

Peter: Sorry :/

Tony: Eh, I need to start working out again, anyways if I'm going to be tossing you around.

Peter blushed fiercely at that.

It wasn't the first time that morning that he wondered what had become of his life, in a good way. He was terrified that all the good things would have to be counteracted by some malignant force waiting in the wings.

All of Sunday afternoon was spent in his bedroom daydreaming about the next time he would go over to Tony's house in the middle of the night. What would they get up to? Would they kiss? How far would Peter let Tony take things and vice-versa?

Then, there was the matter of what he would wear tomorrow. Sweatshirts were cool, but they didn't exactly scream boyfriend material which is what he and Tony essentially were. So, Peter laid out a nice sweater and button down combo for the morning. He would take extra time to gell his messy curls into place and hope that Tony might notice or even better, call him to the front of the classroom again. As mortifying as it had been last time, he enjoyed the picture MJ drew of the pair. Maybe she would draw another.

Every physics class would feel like a secret date. Peter imagined long, searching looks punctuated by notes asking him to stay after.

Throughout the day, Peter tried to play it cool and not text back the moment he received something from Tony, but he had absolutely no self-control. There were a few times when Tony left him on

read for a few hours, and he tried not to let it get to him. What worried him the most was that he felt more strongly for Tony than Tony felt for him. That would be pretty sad and pathetic.

Thoughts like these tended to get in his head when he was alone. Luckily, he would work a four hour shift that evening, stocking and doing food prep at Delmar's for the following business week. Hours were few and far between in December because college kids were home for the holidays and wanted a little extra spending money for holiday shopping. There was also the fact that Peter swam between 10 and fifteen hours a week now that State was coming up.

When it was time, Peter happily cycled off through the cold December air to Delmar's. The shop was closed yet it wasn't eerie. He was thrilled to be able to get out of a Sunday dinner with his aunt and uncle.

One of the best things about working alone was that he could plug his phone up into the sound system and crank up his tunes or the playlist Tony had sent. Was it embarrassing that he played it on repeat for 4 hours?

It was almost ten o'clock by the time Peter got home, and Ben had already gone to bed. There was a plate of dinner waiting for him on the counter which May let him heat up and take to his bedroom. She was a lot more lenient when her husband wasn't around.

Tony hadn't said much all evening, and Peter didn't want to come off as clingy. It was a fact that he jumped for his phone when it lit up with a message.

Tony: What are you up to kid

He took a deep breath. Must not respond, must not respond yet.

Peter: Nothing much. Just got home from work. You?

Three dots appeared indicating that Tony was typing. It thrilled him that Tony was so quick with his replies. Perhaps the man was no longer busy and maybe even in bed for the evening.

Tony: Grading papers. Need a distraction

Peter smirked to himself when he thought of all the dirty replies he could come up with. God, only a few months ago he would have been quivering in fear having this conversation, but now he was coming up with this stuff all on his own.

Peter: Well you could always come pick me up :) ya know

Tony: Tempting. But it's a school night

Peter: :(

Tony: Don't pout.

Peter: :(:(:(

Tony: I have a better idea.

As soon as he read it, Peter's phone lit up, but it wasn't a call this time. It was a video call. He almost flipped backwards off his bed in shock and dropped the phone between the bed and the wall.

"Shit! Fuck, fuck, fuck..." He put his slender arm down the side and fumbled around.

“Kid?” Tony’s voice came from under the bed.

He had accidentally accepted the call. Oh my God, how embarrassing.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah! I’m here. Just... dropped my phone.”

Tony snorted. “That is so you.”

“Hey! What’s that supposed to mean?”

Peter finally got a good hold and pulled it up.

“Hey,” he said breathlessly, brushing his hair off of his forehead. He could see in the square at the bottom of his screen that his cheeks were cherry red and his hair was completely disheveled.

Tony, on the other hand, looked like a dream. Peter could tell that he was tired by the bags under his eyes, but aside from that, his hair was perfectly gelled and beard, immaculate.

“Hey yourself,” Tony frowned mischievously which he was the only person Peter had known to be able to achieve that facial expression. “By the way, were those pink hello kitty pajama bottoms?”

“Oh, God...” Peter groaned. He wanted to end the call and start all over.

“Don’t be embarrassed.”

Then, Tony frowned once more and tilted his head to the side. Peter realized that he had left the playlist going on his laptop. This was the most embarrassed he had been in his life.

“Sorry, I’ll just...” He fumbled behind him for his laptop.

“No, leave it on.”

When Peter looked back, Tony looked smug. That was a good thing.

Whew!

“I see, no. *Hear*, rather, that you’re still enjoying the playlist. Let me know when you’re ready for more. I’ve got tons more that I can sling right at you, dear.”

Peter noted how dumb his wide grin looked in the square on his screen, but he couldn’t help himself. “Yeah, Mr. Stark, send ‘em all.”

Tony raised an eyebrow. “No problem, Mr. Parker.”

Peter opened his mouth to respond when Tony’s eyes lit up, and his face morphed into an expression of mock-shock. “Turn it up.”

It was the funky remix of Jingle Bells.

Then, Tony did the best thing Peter had ever seen and balanced his phone on his knees and raised his arms in the air and began dancing. He punched the air in a way that should have been ridiculous, but it wasn’t ridiculous at all.

His mouth went dry. Why was he actually the hottest thing on the planet? Peter wanted to have a car so he could speed over to Tony’s house and watch the show in person.

Tony winked at his awed expression and furrowed his brows and groaned, nodding his head.
“Mmph, now that’s where it’s at.”

The man slowly rose onto his feet and placed his phone on his nightstand and continued his dance but adding a swaying movement with his hips.

The only two things Peter could think were that Tony was beautiful and that he would kill to be in Tony’s bedroom at that moment. There was an instrumental interlude, and Tony groaned again, turning around. Knowingly or unknowingly, Tony was giving Peter an excellent view of his backside.

Peter was hard.

When the song ended, Tony returned to the bed, and Peter turned the music down. It only occurred to him then that the music was quite loud and that he was lucky May hadn’t come to check on him.

“Type this,” Tony instructed. “I am Iron Man, Black Sabbath. Go.”

Peter pulled his laptop in his lap, eager to see Tony dance again as well as get his erection out of sight.

A weird robotic voice came over his speakers, and Tony mouthed, “I am iron man” along with the voice. If it were anyone else, Peter would be embarrassed. But it was Tony, so he found it incredibly hot.

“Turn it up, turn it up!”

Peter gazed at his door doubtfully but obliged. How could he say no to such an excited face?

He had to admit, the song was pretty fucking awesome, and he told Tony so.

The man just grinned, proudly.

There were a few loud raps on Peter’s door.

“Oh, shit!” He hissed and hid his cheapo phone as the door burst open.

“What in God’s name?”

It was Ben followed by a sleepy May. “Peter, what are you doing?”

What made matters worse was that his fingers were shaking, and he couldn’t pause the music so just closed the lid with a loud slap. The music continued playing until the laptop caught up with the fact that it was game over.

Tony was dead silent on the other side of the line. The only way Peter knew the man hadn’t hung up was the faint low buzz that came with video calls. He prayed that Ben couldn’t hear it.

“Listening to the devil’s music? In my house?”

Having Tony listen into the conversation was embarrassing but also alarmingly hilarious. Or was Peter just feeling hysterical?

He couldn’t imagine what Ben sounded like to Tony’s ears as he droned on and on about this and that bible verse. May remained impassive if not lowkey irritated at her husband. When he was finally done ranting and had taken both Peter’s phone and laptop, thank God for the cheapo phone,

Ben bade him good night and slammed the door.

Not knowing whether to laugh or cry, Peter took deep calming breaths until his fingers were no longer violently shaking but only shaking. He picked up the phone.

Tony was still there, a deep frown on his face, nothing mischievous about it now.

He said something that looked like “Pete”, but Peter couldn’t hear anything.

Peter scrunched up his brows in confusion, then he could hear Tony.

“Pete? Sorry, I muted myself.”

Well, that was thoughtful, but Peter had a feeling there was something more to it. “Why?”

Tony didn’t answer the question. “Are you alright, Pete?”

“Yeah,” he shrugged. “I’m alright.”

Clearly, nothing more was going to be said on the subject, and Tony somehow understood this.

“Put some headphones on,” Tony said quietly. “Plug them into your phone.”

Peter did as instructed.

Tony smiled. “There he is.”

He lay back against his pillows and rolled to the side, cradling the phone. “I still want you to come get me.”

Tony mirrored his position until it felt like they were nose to nose. Only the grainy screen separated them which was unfortunate because Peter could have kissed him right then.

“What are you thinking about, kid?”

“Kissing you?” Peter replied.

Tony smiled and lifted his finger, seemingly rubbing it across the screen like a caress. “If I had you in my bed right now, I’d let you, even though it’s a terrible idea.”

“Well, I don’t think so.” Peter frowned. “And why do you say that now?”

The corner of Tony’s mouth turned up. “Cause you’re underage.”

Peter scoffed. “Is that all?”

Tony frowned and sat up a little, propping his head in his hand. “What else would there be, Mr. Parker?”

“It’s not ‘cause I’m a boy, I- I mean man. A guy. A dude.” Well, that was embarrassing. He focused intently on his Star Wars sheets.

“Honey, look at me,” Tony implored.

“Honey?” Peter whispered but didn’t look up.

“Yes, honey. Please. Look at me, dear.”

And how could he say no to that? Slowly, Peter brought his nervous eyes to Tony's dark ones. There was sincerity there.

"Gay, straight, bi, pan, transgender. Whatever label you choose, or if you don't want to label yourself at all, I'm here for you. The only thing holding me back from driving over to get you is that it's a school night, and despite everything else, I can't interfere with that GPA of yours."

Tony's eyes flicked back and forth from each of Peter's eyes.

"Okay?" He insisted when Peter didn't say anything.

"Okay. Yeah. Thank you," Peter added with relief. He looked shyly away to say this next part. "You're the best person I've ever known, Tony."

When he looked up, Tony was now the one focusing on some abysmal space on his own duvet. He swallowed and glanced up. Was Peter imagining it, or were his eyes slightly wet?

"I really mean it, Tony."

The man nodded and seemed to have found his voice again. "Thanks, kid."

If his voice was slightly higher than normal, neither of them said anything about it. They fell asleep with their phones still cradled to their faces and soft music playing in the background.

"What's got you in such a good mood, Penis?" Flash said as he kicked his chair. It had been a long time since Peter received any of the bully's attention. He wouldn't let the other boy get to him, though, he just wouldn't. Nobody could take away the excited butterflies fluttering around in his stomach as he anticipated the fifth period.

"None of your business," he shot back.

Hot air blew in his ear as Flash put his mouth close. "Remember, Parker. I could still end you."

Peter shuttered at this not so subtle reminder of his days with, no, he wouldn't even think the name. Not today.

He adjusted his collar for the millionth time and made sure his hair was smoothly gelled into controlled curls on his head.

Come on, Peter. Just ignore him .

He distracted himself by imagining what Tony would do if he were here. What if he and Tony had been the same age? Would Tony have stood up for Peter like some medieval duel? Fight for Peter's honor? That was seriously hot. He bet Tony was a badass in high school and probably had a crowd of guys and girls following his every move.

A few rows away, Ned offered a small smile of what could have been encouragement, but Peter wasn't sure. He smiled back anyway with a slight nod of his head. Progress. It was all about progress.

Looking at the clock and bouncing his knee had turned into an Olympic sport by the time the fifth period came around. Peter had his books packed and ready before the bell went off, a first as he considered it disrespectful to poor Mr. Harrington. But, Peter was in love, and it couldn't be

helped.

He stopped off in the bathroom one more time, checking his hair and smoothing chapstick over his lips. Maybe soon he could get his box back from Tony. The bag of products Wanda gifted him must be close to expiration by now, and that thought physically pained him.

Peter forced himself to slow his anxious stride into one of chill poise. Tony was waiting outside of the classroom greeting students as he did everyday.

Their eyes met, and Tony's smile was friendly. Only the quickest flash in his eyes indicated that the previous night occurred.

"Mr. Parker," he said cordially.

"Mr. Stark," Peter replied in the same tone.

Nothing more was said, and as Peter passed through the door, their shoulders brushed entirely on purpose.

He wondered if Tony noticed his outfit. The man himself seemed to be dressed a bit more formally than usual with a button down and bow-tie instead of his band t-shirt. He was entirely too handsome for his own good.

If Peter was not mistaken, Tony straightened his bow-tie almost self-consciously before entering the classroom.

The tension was palpable. Peter kept moving his eyes around the room so that he wouldn't seem too fixated or interested until he remembered that he was *supposed* to be fixated and interested in the happenings of the classroom. Poor Tony didn't have the same excuse, and Peter could tell that the man was struggling to not speak directly to him the whole time.

Thirty minutes in, they seemed to have figured it out and were less awkward. Nonetheless, every gaze was smoldering. There was an energy reverberating from the front of the classroom, and Peter wondered if Tony could feel it, too.

When it was time to pass back Friday's tests, Peter sat up eagerly in his chair. Gosh, was Tony leaving him for last on purpose? He anxiously fidgeted and readjusted his bottom in the uncomfortable plastic chair.

Finally, Tony passed his test back, and Peter had to give himself an impromptu pep-talk to not "accidentally" brush his fingers against his teacher's in front of a classroom full of students.

The grade was 98, and he quickly searched through the test for the mistake that had allowed two points to be taken off. How stupid. He forgot to convert his answer into kg making his number have too many zeros. Rookie mistake.

However, to ease the sting, there was a note on the very bottom of his test. *You look nice today* .

He blushed full-on red and mentally cheered. Tony had noticed! He would text the man later to tell him how much he liked the bow-tie.

Beside him, there was a tiny snort.

MJ wasn't looking right at him, but by the way her shoulders and feet were pointed, Peter could tell she had been looking at him. Had she read the note?

Class recommenced with questions about problems the other students had.

Swim practice was a beast that day. Coach Fury was not letting them rest for more than two minutes before going to the next set. Peter felt lighter yet somehow bogged down all at the same time with his feelings for Tony. Or maybe he was just tired from the late night.

“Parker, kick your damn feet. Let’s go!”

Fury only started cursing once State was upon them. The rest of the year was all cool professionalism, but the stakes were too high. Midtown Tech would have come in first last year if Peter hadn’t been shipped off to bumfuck nowhere. His times were on par with those that received scholarships. This year wasn’t the same. It was like he had to try harder, rest longer, want it more than ever.

But that face with the glorious beard and dark eyes was right in front of his own eyes, and he just couldn’t concentrate for the life of him. If he had known being in love was like being drunk on a roller coaster, he might have resisted.

Fat chance of doing any good at all. It’s not like he could have resisted. He was strapped into the seat, and the attendant had already pushed the button. There was no choice and certainly no going back.

Tony was Tony, and Peter, a fool.

“Parker, now!”

Fury’s lips couldn’t even form the words; he just pointed to the side of the pool. Peter reluctantly swam over.

“What are you doing?” Fury said slowly, enunciating each word as if it was a struggle.

“I-”

His shrug was a mistake.

“Maybe some drylands will get your mind clear. Give me a lap of lunges around the pool.” Well, at least he would get more oxygen to his love-soaked brain.

Peter couldn’t blame his poor coach for losing his patience when he wasn’t even swimming fast enough to qualify for County. There was just so much to do this semester, and he didn’t have enough time to focus on any one thing. Plus, there was Tony.

“Back straight!”

Peter automatically obeyed and pulled his bottom back in, hands on hips, back straight as an arrow. Wade caught his eye as he went into a flip-turn looking just a little too long, nearly bashing his face into the concrete of the pool.

No matter his feelings for a certain handsome Physics teacher, Peter couldn’t help the pride that flowed through him by catching a fellow teammate’s eye. Wade wasn’t just Wade, either. He was a tall, blonde, and talented swimmer with muscles the size of-

A low whistle like a bird came from his right. Speak of the devil.

Tony stood next to the bleachers, near the wall, leaning on one arm as he unabashedly checked out Peter in his speedo. The surprise caused Peter to stop mid-lunge, and he knew without looking down that every muscle he owned was at its prime and on display for the very much clothed older man.

“I didn’t say you could stop!”

Peter continued his lunges no matter how badly they hurt. His form was impeccable.

Fury and Tony chatted for a little bit, and Peter was allowed to dive back into the water. Eventually, Tony sat down in the bleachers to get some grading done, and Fury turned his whole attention back on the team.

“Looking good, Parker,” Fury commented as Peter went into his flip-turn.

Of course, he had to swim well with his sort-of boyfriend watching. Dare he say he was showing off?

Wade was extra friendly during their water break, and normally, Peter wouldn’t have minded except that he was preoccupied that it would give Tony the wrong impression.

“You out of water?” Wade commented as Peter prepared to pull his tired body from the pool and to the fountain for a refill. “Here, have some of mine.”

“Well, you know what they say. Germs and all,” Peter offered, not very convincingly at that.

“Relax,” Wade replied easily. “I haven’t even touched this one.”

He was vaguely aware of Tony watching his interaction with Wade. It was time to get back to their set, and he didn’t have any choice but to drink from the other swimmer’s bottle.

Practice continued just as brutally, and Fury called them to the side for a post-practice meeting. He droned on and on about expectations for a team of this caliber and how they needed to bring their A-game to each and every practice if they were going to walk away with the gold in January.

Peter’s body dragged with disappointment when he realized that Tony had disappeared from the bleachers during the course of the meeting. Had he gone home?

The locker room was quiet with only Wade, talkative as ever, to fill the silence. The irony was that Flash was the only one who nodded along to their team captain’s speech.

Having Tony at practice was detrimental considering that Peter wasn’t even sure if he’d be able to swim the following day, let alone the week. He’d need at least two to recover. Though Christmas break was around the corner, Peter would still attend practice. It wasn’t required, per se, according to the official rules, but the serious swimmers would show up unless they were going on vacation somewhere. Peter was just thankful that he could find an excuse to get out of the house everyday. Spending two weeks straight with his aunt and uncle was surely going to be hell on wheels; that was a promise.

Distracted as he was, Peter didn’t see Tony’s car pull up until he heard the same low whistle.

The man had the most devilish grin on his face.

“How much for the evening?” The older man teased.

“Depends who’s offering.” Peter retorted.

Tony popped his trunk and patted the seat next to him. Peter couldn’t resist going along with it.

“Please tell me that dinner is involved.”

Tony grinned and held up a bag of burgers.

“Oh, that’s what that delicious smell is.”

“Eat up, kid,” Tony commanded as they drove off.

They took the long way over to Peter’s house and drove slowly along through a quiet neighborhood with a park. The fading day was overcast and misty, and the lights of the lake’s fountain were already glowing. Tony pulled into the parking lot there so that he could eat as well.

Although Peter was tired, Tony’s presence commanded his attention. Even the most drained muscle was invigorated with energy. He could have survived on the man’s scent alone.

A deep breath in his direction caught Tony’s attention.

“What, are you smelling me?” His eyebrows looked just confused enough to cause the tips of Peter’s ears to turn red.

No going back now.

“Yes?”

He felt as if he had done something wrong when Tony wrapped up the remainder of his burger and placed it back in the bag. When he was done, he simply wiped his hands with a napkin and folded them pensively on the steering wheel. The silence was becoming unbearable for Peter.

“I’m sorry if I did something wrong, sir.”

Tony let out a low groan and his head slowly sank to rest on the twelve o’clock position of the wheel.

“Sir?”

Peter had never read a situation more wrongly in his entire life and had his hand on the door handle when Tony chose to speak up.

“Kid,” he responded weakly.

“Mr. Stark.”

Another groan, low and more throaty. That is when Peter saw the bulge in his physics teacher’s pants and understood.

“That swimming thing. Jesus Christ.”

Peter blushed again but this time without an ounce of embarrassment. “You mean my speedo?”

Tony lifted his head to look into Peter’s eyes. “Yes.” He placed his head back down.

He honestly didn’t know what to do in this situation. “Should I leave?”

Tony sat bolt upright. “No, no, no. I’m just...” He was fighting for the words. “So incredibly turned on right now, and it may be the fact that I haven’t had sex in like a year, but-”

“You haven’t had sex in a *year*?” Peter blurted out.

Tony’s face became defensive at once. “Hey, it’s been a rough year. Wait, have you had sex this year?”

“What? No! I’m a virgin, sir.”

“God, if this isn’t every porno.”

“Should I leave?”

“No!”

They didn’t say a word as Tony’s shout reverberated in the silence around them.

Peter spoke first. “I was just surprised when you said that because you’re so attractive, and I thought that you would have found somebody.”

Tony snorted. “It’s not that, kid, trust me. I’ve definitely been propositioned.”

“Oh.”

“That didn’t come out right,” he backpedaled. “I just meant that I’ve been infatuated with someone else.”

“Me?” Peter asked with all the courage his tired body could muster.

“Right.”

Peter couldn’t for the life of him remember what they had been talking about before. *Oh, right. Wait.*

“I turn you on?” This was definitely something to take a victory lap for, and Peter would have done so if Tony hadn’t responded.

“This is dangerous territory, kid.”

Peter rolled his eyes. “You can’t take it back now. You already said that I turn you on.”

It was hot in the car all of the sudden with the heat still blasting, and Peter had to take off his hoodie. Underneath, his tank-top rode up a bit, revealing his hips and obliques.

“Sweet Jesus.”

Suddenly, Tony threw the car door open and was out, heading towards the lake. Peter quickly pulled his hoodie back on to follow the man before he dunked himself in the frigid water.

“Tony! Hey!” He called, jogging.

Tony paced out onto a dock with a gazebo. The mist shrouded them from any watchful eyes, not that there were any given the temperature.

One look at Peter, and he put his face in his hands. “Oh my God, kid.” He turned away and pushed

his fingers through his hair. “You can’t do that to me.”

“I was just taking off my hoodie!”

“With fuck me eyes! Mr. Stark this and Mr. Stark that. I just told you that I haven’t fucked anyone in a year, and you pull that.”

Tony’s tone of voice was getting high-key offensive. “Sir I-”

There wasn’t anything that could have prepared Peter for the kiss. One second, he was burning up with anger, and the next, he was consumed with a fire that burned even hotter. Tony’s lips were soft and firm, somewhat slack with need. Never having been kissed before, Peter just stood with his hands plastered to his sides while the man he loved held his face between two long fingered hands.

They stroked his cheeks until Peter submitted to the kiss, and his lips were moving before he could even give them permission. It didn’t matter, though. His whole body was in tune with the body in front of him. If there ever was a moment that he wondered about the course of his life, he knew he need not wonder anymore. It was silly, but Peter felt that every pain, fear, and tear had occurred just so he could have this blissful moment in time. Just this once, he could have it.

Tony’s hand curled into the back of Peter’s wild chlorine-tangled curls to hold him there while he kissed Peter’s lips relentlessly.

When it was over, Tony pulled Peter to his chest in a bear-hug. It confirmed what he already knew.

“You’re hard,” Peter whispered into his ear.

“Ignore that,” Tony insisted. “It can wait. Don’t do anything. Just stand here with me for a moment.”

“I’m hard, too.”

There was no response, and Peter smiled into Tony’s neck, breathing in the scent that had sparked the whole situation.

Finally, Tony released Peter but took his hand. His facial expression was confusing. There was pain, desire, and above all, love. But, what did Tony have to hurt for? Was his erection that painful? Peter wouldn’t mind turning away or giving him some alone time in the car.

“C’mon, kid. Let’s get you home.”

It was then that Peter understood the pain because he felt it, too, just the other side of the nickel. He realized that Tony didn’t want to let Peter go home. Not now, not ever.

“You could always get those adoption papers together,” Peter teased.

“Don’t tempt me.”

“At least I could sleep over all the time, and we could-”

“Don’t finish that sentence,” Tony commanded, and Peter just grinned back, holding up his hands in defeat.

Back in Peter’s neighborhood, they parked under the same tree as when they had absconded into the night with each other.

“Can I kiss you?” Peter asked shyly.

Tony smirked and pulled Peter’s hood up over his head before he grabbed the back of his neck and pulled him in.

It could have turned into a make-out session, but Tony wouldn’t allow it. Peter saw his eyes flash over to the house and knew that the man was nervous.

Without thinking, Peter reached out and flicked the bulge. “Have fun.”

And he was out of the car, leaving a stunned Tony behind.

The thrill of leaving Tony in such a state gave him the courage to get through the door and rattle off the lie he had prepared.

“You’re late for dinner.”

“Oh, I just went with the team to get burgers after practice. Team bonding and all. I’m sorry, I’ll ask next time.”

Ben raised an eyebrow but let it go while May didn’t say a peep as she dried the cutlery on a kitchen towel decorated with chickens.

“I have homework,” Peter hinted, and his uncle nodded at the stairs. He was excused.

Once in his room, he sighed with relief and headed toward the ensuite. It was hard to believe that a year ago, he had been cutting his wrists. Now, when he looked at his razor, he just wished he had some sort of semblance of a beard to shave. He doubted very much that he would have anything on par with that of Tony’s. Speaking of, he was successfully ignoring his phone.

Another shower was in order to wash away the sticky sweat from his arousal. Also, his curls desperately needed some leave-in conditioner or else they would be hell to deal with in the morning. He couldn’t show up to school looking like he hadn’t tried for Tony.

Once out of the shower, Peter wiped the steam from his mirror to take a close look at his face. He looked different after Tony’s kiss. His skin glowed, and his eyes sparkled. He replayed it in his mind. The way Tony had held his face and kissed him then crushed him to his chest. The way Tony had pulled up Peter’s hood to hide his face before pulling him almost aggressively to kiss him again. The man was thirsty for him, that much was evident. Peter didn’t know what the man was waiting for or how long he would hold out. All he knew was that he would have let Tony do whatever he wanted in the park this evening. Maybe Tony knew that already.

After getting comfy and warm, Peter was listening to his music in his bed and blissfully ignoring his phone as he worked through the set of Physics problems Tony had given. There was a light knock on the door.

“Hmm?”

May entered and closed the door quietly.

Peter looked up after a few moments of quiet staring. “May?”

The woman’s stare was fixed on him, and he could have sworn that she saw right through him in that instant.

“Aunt May?” He tried again.

She just nodded her head and lifted a finger up at him before dropping it back to her side. “I don’t know what’s going on with you, Peter, but I need to know.”

He took his headphones off and sat up. “W-what are you talking about?”

“I know you snuck out of this house Saturday.”

Oh, shit.

“I know you were talking to someone last night, and it wasn’t Liz because I looked at the phone records.”

Double shit.

The steady thrum of his heart in his ears told him he hadn’t passed out from sheer terror of being found out. He couldn’t go back to that camp. He just couldn’t.

“I know someone dropped you off just now, in a sports car. Peter,” She shook her head, but there were tears in her eyes. “You have to tell me what’s going on.”

The entire day flashed before his eyes. Getting ready for school, Tony’s note, lunges by the pool, Tony showing up for practice, the water bottle, the car, the misty evening, cool air, the kiss. Oh, the kiss...

“Please, don’t let him send me back there.” Peter knew he was done the moment that his voice broke.

She couldn’t get a word out of him.

All Peter knew was that happiness was just under his fingertips. If only he could reach out and grasp it without some malignant force hanging over his head. Why couldn’t he just have Tony? Why was the world so cruel to him?

“I promise, Peter,” she whispered. “I’d sooner die than put you through that again, and for what? You’re different, but I love you the way you are. Whoever this person is, I don’t care if they are a boy, girl, dolphin.”

They both chuckled, and May’s eyes sparkled with tears while Peter sniffed unattractively.

“I just know that I have my Peter back, and I won’t let him go again.”

They cried and clung to each other while months of barriers came crashing down around them. When the smoke cleared, Peter lay on his stomach, hiccuping.

May stayed with him for another hour. Between reassurances and a hand occasionally sweeping over his forehead, Peter knew he could trust her with the world. He just couldn’t trust her with Tony Stark.

Trouble in Paradise

Chapter Summary

Peter and Tony struggle to communicate in the final weeks of the semester...

Peter felt lovesick. While it was nice that he and Tony were giving each other space to get through the remaining semester, it was a doozy. He didn't think it was possible to be this distraught over any living person.

For two weeks, he studied, swam, and slept. The only times they spoke to each other were a quick text here and there to check in. Mostly, Tony knew that Peter was under a lot of stress and wanted to make sure that he was eating. It was harder for Peter to not get distracted or exhausted with all of his exams and State coming up.

He was disappointed when Tony didn't even show up for practice, but where Tony was absent, Wade filled in.

"Peter!"

He ignored the fact that the handsome blonde was trying to call him over and kept tracking towards the locker room to get out of his wet suit. The door of the natatorium opened, and he looked up expectantly. But it was just someone's sibling checking on their ride.

"Dammit," he muttered.

"Hey, Peter! Wait up, man," Wade was intent on following him as far as his shower stall.

He finally sighed and turned. "What, Wade?"

The other boy looked slightly put down for a moment but quickly overcame whatever emotion he was experiencing and grinned. "The team is going out for pizza. I want to keep the team spirit high and all that fun stuff."

The water dripped from Wade's hair and onto Peter's nose, they were standing so close. Peter shifted uncomfortably, suddenly too aware of his mostly naked body and the waves of heat pouring from Wade.

He looked to the side, anywhere but straight at the other swimmer. "You know I've got a lot of homework."

Peter threw a vague gesture over his shoulder towards the stall as if his books and study guides were somewhere in the tiled space.

"Right..." Wade raised an eyebrow.

Peter hated that look. "You're judging me."

The other put his hands up in defense. "No, no judgment here."

Another awkward moment went by, and Peter muttered, "Excuse me," before ducking behind the curtain, stripping off his speedo, and throwing it over the showerrod. Wade was so tall that he could see clear over and into Peter's stall.

"Do you mind?" He asked, covering his junk.

"Sorry," Wade turned around.

Peter busied himself with soaping his frigid skin in the hot water. He sighed to himself as it passed over his dick. There wasn't any time for that either.

"So, are you coming with us?"

"Jesus!" Peter gasped.

Wade was still standing with his back to the curtain. "The rest of the team will be there."

"Okay! Fine!"

"Pete's coming!"

There were a few whoops and a couple of jeers from the dirty minds.

"Wade!" Peter hissed.

"Sorry," the other muttered and went to shower himself.

On the ride over to the pizzeria, Peter contemplated Wade's motives from the backseat. The team captain was busy avoiding potholes in their little one horse town, but he would catch his eye in the rearview mirror every once in a while.

He was confused. Had he been giving off signals, or was Wade just being Wade?

Flash had passed them long ago in his sports car and was waiting at a table with his drink already. Though he was annoying, the rest of the team greeted him cordially, and conversation began almost immediately.

Everyone was excited for the big meet. For some, it would be the meet of a lifetime, the meet that would decide their futures. Peter still had time, however, and wasn't feeling the pressure as much.

Besides, his attentions were more focused on a certain brunette than he cared to admit.

"Peter'll get us the gold," Wade was saying when he tuned back in.

Flash protested this, but no one caved in to his antics.

Wade dropped an arm casually over Peter's shoulders, a fact that Flash didn't miss and smirked at. The threat still hung very much in the air between them, and Peter would be damned if he was going to be sent back to that place over anyone other than Tony.

If he was going to be caught, it was going to be Tony who would be driving the point straight home into any orifice of his choosing.

Yes, it had been too long since he had masturbated, entirely too long.

He wanted to shrug out from under Wade's arm for multiple reasons, but he just couldn't bring

himself to do it. The warm heaviness felt good, and so what? They weren't doing anything wrong, just guys being guys. Screw Flash. Why should he let that prick have any power over him at all?

Besides, May was on his side in all of this, and he doubted she would let Ben drag him back to that wretched place.

After half a minute, Wade dropped his arm lower to Peter's waist and squeezed. His large hand encompassed half of Peter's narrow hips.

Guilt swarmed him as Tony's face came into focus in his head. The cheapo cell phone that he decided to call Karen was burning a hole in his pocket. The urge to check it was almost stronger than getting away from Wade's advances.

"Excuse me," Peter muttered and excused himself to the bathroom.

He felt Wade's eyes on him all the way to the door, no doubt questioning why Peter was so hot and cold.

A sheen of sweat glistened across his brow, and the familiar wave of nausea came back with a vengeance. He reached the toilet just in time to vomit his guts up. Bits of partially digested pepperoni pizza and coke splattered the toilet and wall. Some of it even got on his shoes.

"Fuck," Peter gasped when he had nothing else to heave up.

The woosh of air and chattering indicated someone had entered the men's room. There was a knock on the stall door.

"Just a second!" He called and yanked scraps of toilet paper from the roll. It was cheap, so they broke into tiny pieces.

"Peter, it's me," came Wade's voice. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah! Just hold on!"

"Is that- Peter did you throw up?"

"Uh... Yes?" There was no denying the stench rising from his shoes. "I- I don't feel so good."

"Hold on, I'll go tell the rest of the team you're not feeling well. Do you want me to take you home?"

"I- uh." He didn't want to encourage the other boy, but he didn't want his aunt or uncle to pick him up, either. "Yes, that'd be great."

By the time Peter was finished cleaning up and apologizing to the poor server who had been delegated the task of cleaning the men's restroom, the rest of the team was finished eating. He found them outside chattering about exams and study guide answers. Mr. Stark came up a few times accompanied by long sighs of exasperation at the lengthy study guide the physics teacher had given. Peter, of course, had completed it already.

"Let's get a team picture," someone suggested after a few minutes.

Those around Peter scrunched their noses but pulled him into the photo anyway. Once again, Wade's arm was heavy on his shoulders, and he liked it just a little too much despite having been sick earlier that evening. Despite his empty stomach, he held his breath so as not to breathe in

Wade's shower gel.

It wasn't like this with Tony, and that realization made him miss the man more than ever. His chest ached when he thought of Tony pulling him into his arms in the park. They hadn't kissed since he dropped Peter off in the car. His lips tingled at the memory.

Peter decided he'd stop to see the man himself tomorrow after school, swim practice or not.

Intentionally or not, Peter's house was the last of Wade's stops meaning they were two guys alone in a car for about ten minutes. He was bound to say something, Peter knew it.

He almost sighed when Wade turned down the music.

"We still miss you at the group, you know," He began.

Peter felt guilty at cutting things off cold turkey with his old friends. "I know. I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize, hon," Wade said in a paternal tone. "We understand."

He didn't say anything else, neither confirming nor denying what everyone else already knew. Though, he felt bad, so he said, "Thanks for the unicorn."

Wade's grin split his face apart. "Stark gave you the box?"

Shit. "Uh, yeah."

Peter scratched his head, thinking of something else to say.

"That's cool. When?"

He wanted to ask what the twenty questions were about, but that would be rude. "Uh, a few months ago? Yeah."

"What did your aunt and uncle say?" Wade chuckled darkly looking off the road to meet Peter's eyes.

"Uh, I didn't bring it home, exactly."

"Oh... where is it?"

Why couldn't the kid just shut up and stop asking questions? For the love of God, why couldn't Peter just be dishonest?

"Tony, uh, Mr. Stark is keeping it for me." He snapped his mouth shut after the fumble. Dear God, he'd just used the man's first name as if they were pals or... lovers. He flushed at the thought despite the dire situation and hoped that the man would fuck him sooner rather than later.

"Tony?" Of course, Wade caught on. "You two close?"

Peter shrugged. "He's just helping me cope. Really great guy."

Shut up, Peter, shut up.

"Yeah, what a great guy," Wade mused, happily.

"Right..."

They were silent aside from Peter's directions to get to his house every once in a while.

"Yeah, just turn right. It's just after that curve up ahead. Yeah, yeah, yeah. Just stop right here, under this tree."

He cringed when he realized that it was his and Tony's spot.

"Well, thanks for the ride," Peter said and grabbed his backpack from the floorboard. "Sorry about the..." He gestured vaguely to his smelly shoes.

"Don't mention it."

Wade reached over to pull him into a hug.

"Uh, I-" Peter sighed and returned the hug. "I'll see you around, Wade."

Peter moved to open the door, but Wade caught his arm. He looked up in alarm.

Wade let him go when he saw Peter's face and raised his hands up. "Sorry. I was just going to say that it's nice to have you back."

He smiled gratefully and for a second, it really did feel like old times. "Good-bye, Wade."

"Bye, hon."

That evening, May came to his room again. It was beginning to become somewhat of a routine. It was weird letting people back into his life again, especially as it was seemingly all at once. He couldn't hold it against his aunt that she was at least trying now.

"So," she mused as she folded his boxers.

He looked up from his physics study guide. Really, he didn't need anymore studying as he had memorized all of the answers as well as the questions themselves. Earlier that day, he sent Tony a text asking him for practice problems to which the man replied promptly with a picture of some problems.

Tony: Here you go, kid. Not that you need the practice. You'll do fine :)

After analyzing the picture, he realized what they were. Horrified, he deleted the picture and quickly messaged Tony.

Peter: I can't believe you sent me the exam questions!

Tony: I'm sorry?

Peter: That's cheating. And besides, you can't give me special treatment

Tony: Well then don't look at them

Peter: I already deleted it

Tony: (sigh)

He didn't say anything else back as it had been time for swim practice.

"Peter?" May was giving him a quizzical look, and he realized that he had tuned her out.

“Hmmm?”

A knowing look. “I asked you who that boy was that dropped you off.”

Whew. “Oh, that’s just Wade.”

“Do you... like him?”

Peter didn’t want to be rude about explaining to his aunt that just because he liked boys didn’t mean that he liked *all* boys. “Well, yeah, as a friend.”

“A friend?”

“Yeah.”

“So, you like someone else?” May mused, glancing up when he didn’t answer.

Peter was sure that he looked like a deer caught in the headlights. “I... uh.”

She smirked. “What’s his name?”

He shrugged coyly.

“Peter,” she admonished.

“What?” he asked dumbly.

“Why won’t you tell me?”

Peter looked at his aunt as if she had three heads. Did she really not remember the last year? May seemed to catch his train of thought, and her expression saddened. Neither spoke for a while, and Peter went back to studying. After a while, he switched over to his English essay to review it for grammar errors for the fiftieth time. He would have sent it to Ned if things weren’t so weird between the pair.

“What’s this?” May asked. She had been dusting off his desk and bookshelf and held up a charger.

Peter’s eyes widened when he realized what it was. The charger to Karen. How had he been so reckless?

He scratched his head. “Uh, dunno. Looks like a charger to something. Maybe my DS?”

May raised an eyebrow and set it back in its place without another word. He could feel her suspicion in the space between them and prayed she wouldn’t go on a manhunt for Karen.

The following day, Peter was exhausted. He’d stayed up well into the night catching up on Spanish vocab. Out of all of his classes, Spanish was the one he tended to neglect. He trudged to fifth period physics not as enthusiastic as he usually was about seeing Tony.

“Mr. Parker,” Tony said with the same cheeky smile as usual.

“Hey, Tony,” Peter said with a half-assed wave and went to his seat.

He realized what he had said when he sat down. Oops. Good thing no one else seemed to have noticed.

Tony kept casting glances toward him, not trying to be subtle at all. Peter felt rather guilty at his slip-up and lack of excitement and offered small, reassuring smiles each time their eyes met.

“Peter!” Wade exclaimed when he walked in the classroom.

He could practically see Tony’s ears prick up with interest.

“Hey, Wade.”

Wade peered at him closely then stuck his wrist to Peter’s head. “You still feeling sick?”

“No, thanks. I’m okay, now.”

He hoped that Wade would get his wrist *off* before Tony noticed.

“Here,” Wade passed him his water bottle. “You look a little green. I thought after last night that you had a stomach bug or something.”

Did he have to talk so loud?

One glance at Tony told him that he was definitely interested in the conversation. This was certain to be misconstrued.

“Thanks again for dropping me off,” Peter said. “That was really nice.”

Wade grinned widely. “No problem. Hey, what are you up to this weekend?”

“Okay!” Tony’s voice boomed out as he clapped his hands together. “Physics!”

Oh, this was going to be awkward.

Was MJ smirking?

And why, for the love of God, was Wade choosing now to be flirtatious?

They were given the class period to go over any questions they had about the study guide then divided into groups for an activity. Interestingly enough, Wade and Peter ended up on opposite ends of the classroom.

Every once in a while, Tony would stop behind Peter’s desk to rest a hand on the back of his chair and peek over his shoulder at his work. “Nice job, Parker.”

His fingers brushed over his back a few times, and small flutters went through his stomach. God, when would he and Tony get a moment alone together?

At the end of the period, Peter made his way back to his desk to pack up his things. A piece of paper landed on his notebook, and he expected it to be a note from Tony asking him to stay after, but it wasn’t.

It was another one of MJ’s drawings. This time of Tony standing over Peter with a hand on his desk chair and a look of deep longing while Peter focused on his work with a blush shaded into his cheeks. It was so obvious that MJ knew that the two of them were crushing hard on each other, and he hoped she didn’t know the extent.

English was going to be just as awkward. What was going on with this day?

Peter hurried to the bathroom to collect himself as well as send a pic to Tony of MJ's drawing.

There was already a message waiting.

Tony: You were ill?

Peter: Yeah

Tony: Did you eat something? Or do you think it's a stomach bug?

He wondered how Tony was getting away with texting at the moment. Was he in the teacher's lounge, or was it his free period?

Peter decided that honesty was the best policy.

Peter: Wade got a little close and I got nauseous.

After sending the message, he realized he could have worded it a little differently.

Tony: ?

Tony: Explain.

Oh, goodness. It was a little hot that Tony was getting jealous of Wade. If anything, it was an affirmation that his feelings were the same as Peter's.

Peter: The team went out for pizza after practice. Wade put his arm around me. That's it

Tony: Why

He could practically hear his tone of voice.

Peter: Idk. I guess guys being guys or whatever

Tony: Except he wants to fuck you

He was surprised at Tony's language and a bit offended. So what if Wade liked him or even wanted to fuck him, as Tony said. Peter didn't. He was also running late for English and didn't want to spend any more time on the subject.

Peter: ?

MJ was already in her seat, of course, and Peter sat down beside her just as the final bell rang. Flustered, he rapidly pulled out his textbook and binder, then checked his phone once more. There was a message waiting, and he huffed to himself.

"Trouble in paradise?"

The boredom of MJ's voice was almost comical. If she was so disinterested in everything, then why bother? Maybe she was just a gossip.

He snuck a look at his phone to see something that mirrored an apology.

Tony: Don't mind me kid, just being a jaded asshole :)

Wtf.

Peter didn't know what else to say but: Okay

He ignored the next message in favor of a lecture on *The Catcher in the Rye*. It was like an angsty two days in the life of Flash post-expulsion. For that reason alone, he had to fight his giggles when the whole class was taking poor Holden Caulfield seriously.

Peter was not in a good mood for the rest of the day, but he killed it during swim practice. Once he had the chance to burn off his adrenaline, Peter felt a lot better. He never had anger issues before everything went down the year before nor did he think his reactions to everything in the past 24 hours were reasonable. Tony had every right to feel the way he did about Wade. He was Peter's boyfriend, after all. Peter really didn't know why he was encouraging Wade's attentions anyways. This would definitely be brought up the next time that he met with Dr. Ava. In the meantime, Tony deserved a phone call.

"Hello?"

He answered almost immediately.

"Hey. It's me."

"Hey," Tony responded almost as softly.

"Look, I'm sorry," they both said at the same time, and Peter's breath was taken away.

"I have to tell you something," Peter began again.

"Okay. What is it?" There was concern in Tony's voice, and Peter could tell that he was holding his breath.

"I did something yesterday." Then, he told Tony what happened and about how he had let Wade put his arm around him and didn't ask him to remove it. Then he threw up everywhere, and Wade drove him home.

"Are you okay?" Tony asked calmly, and Peter was floored.

"You're not mad?"

"Is there something I should be mad about?"

"Well, I mean, Wade."

"You don't like him, and you don't want to be with him. He put his arm around my boyfriend, and yeah, that bothers me. I'm not gonna lie, but if anything, I'm mad at the situation. If I were your age, I could've been there. We could be normal and not hide. I'd beat the shit out of both Ben and Wade," Tony admitted after a brief pause. He could tell it was therapeutic for the man to talk about his feelings.

"Tony!" Peter said in horror.

"What?" He said innocently. "I wouldn't go for the face..."

"As if that makes it any better," Peter scoffed, but he was smiling. It was so goddamn attractive to be defended. He not so secretly loved it and was sure that Tony knew this about him. "Anyway, when can I see you?"

Tony began to say something but stopped himself. “How about we both get through the next week, and then I throw rocks at your window next Friday and we go from there.”

Peter grinned from ear to ear. “Sounds great.”

“And Peter? If you don’t like something that someone is doing, then ask them politely to stop. If they don’t stop, call me.”

He laughed, shoulders lighter than ever.

“You’re laughing, but I’m not joking,” Tony protested again.

“Yeah, yeah, Mr. Stark. Why don’t you get back to your grading?”

“Still not joking...”

They hung up soon after that with the promise of Friday settling nicely around them.

Renegades

Chapter Summary

Peter and Tony see each other after two weeks...

Chapter Notes

Wow! I am so sorry it took me this long to update. Life happened, and I lost that little glowy thing that pours words from my head onto paper. Thank you so much for the messages of encouragement in my inbox. I did see them, and each one chipped away at my writer's block. I really hope you enjoy this one <3

Also, I don't know if any of you listen to the songs in the playlists throughout the story, but I encourage you to do so. I always find that music submerges me that much more into a story. It tells us things that we can't say at times ;)

It turned out that there was only so much studying that Peter could do, and he felt restless. The worst part was that Tony wouldn't see him due to their busy schedules and his incessant need to not be a distraction for Peter.

The day before the last exam, Peter found himself tossing and turning and wanting to get Tony's attention without saying so much in his own words. Then, an idea popped into his head. He would return the favor and send Tony his own list of songs compiled specifically for him. It was so attention seeking, and Peter didn't even care. He was annoyed that Tony could ignore him so easily, and he was needy for something, anything from the man.

Recs for Mr. Stark

1. Renegades, X Ambassadors
2. Midnight City, M83
3. Ain't No Rest for the Wicked, Cage the Elephant
4. All I want for Christmas is You, Mariah Carey version (obviously)
5. Surf Mac Miller
6. Lonely Boy, Black Keys
7. Riptide, Vance Joy
8. Mr. Blue Sky, Electric Light Orchestra
9. Lover of Mine, Beach House
10. Young Blood, The Naked and the Famous

Tony responded almost immediately: Mr. Parker, you have a physics exam tomorrow.

Peter: That you TOTALLY didn't send the answers to

Tony: I don't recall this

Peter: Happy listening

Right after he sent it, Peter knew that he wanted to say more.

I miss you

Tony: Me too, kid. Now get some shut eye

Peter: Is that an order??

Tony: If you want it to be...

Peter: ;)

Tony: Jokes aside, I can't wait to listen to what you've picked out for me

Tony: Now get some shut eye, for real this time.

Peter: Yes sir!

After their little exchange, Peter rolled over and shut off the lamp on his nightstand. He felt a little better after some banter with his beloved teacher and even more so over the fact he was able to express what he was feeling through the playlist that he sent.

He was a little worried about the reception of some of the lyrics but hoped that Tony wouldn't take them too literally. Afterall, not every lyric could correspond directly to their lives.

Overall, the playlist was pretty chill. Surf by Mac Miller was perhaps the most personal for Peter because the artist had helped him get through his most difficult times throughout the past year. The lyrics were spot on, word for word.

He popped his headphones in to play the song and drifted off listening to the sweet lyrics knowing that Tony would hear them soon. Hopefully, the following evening, Tony would keep to his word and toss pebbles or rocks or whatever at his window. Peter was very much looking forward to it.

The exam was a breeze. The most difficult thing was keeping his concentration when he knew that Tony was watching him. Everytime Peter looked up, he met Tony's dark gaze, and he knew that there wasn't anything decent about the thoughts swirling around that genius brain.

As if to round out the semester, MJ dropped a drawing on his desk, "Happy Holidays, Peter."

There was a buzz to the air as students floated on Christmas spirit out the door of the physics classroom and into the hallway.

He cast a glance around to be sure no one peaked over his shoulder and let out a joyful laugh.

The picture, of course, was of him and Tony at their respective desks with Peter looking up from where he was hunched over his exam, beads of sweat pouring off his head and pencil in his mouth. However, his eyes were on the physics teacher who was looking sultry? How was that even possible... MJ had a real talent going, and Peter hoped that she used it for actual projects and not just to out his inappropriate relationship with their physics teacher.

After a good ten minutes, Peter circled back around to the classroom where Tony quickly graded exams as if in his sleep.

“Mr. Stark.”

Tony looked up, pleased and not at all surprised. “Mr. Parker, what can I do for you?”

He dropped the drawing on the desk.

Tony lifted a brow.

“I know.”

“When the hell did she do that?”

Peter shrugged. “I guess we were too distracted to notice.”

Tony considered that while his pen continued to fly through the exams. Without looking up, he asked. “Should we be concerned?”

He was wondering if MJ would tell. “I don’t think so?”

Peter honestly didn’t know if MJ knew the extent to which the pair were involved. Maybe she just thought it was a bit of mutual pining, unrequited love or whatever.

“That’s reassuring.”

“I’m sorry, I genuinely don’t know. I haven’t talked to her in like a year, and even then, we didn’t really hang out much. She wasn’t into makeup or clothes like Wanda and I, so she just kinda watched quietly?”

“Huh. Odd one.”

Peter laughed. “A bit. At least she isn’t going to the police.”

Tony smiled grimly. “At least there’s that.”

After a few moments of watching Tony, Peter shifted back and forth nervously. “So, are we still on for tonight?”

“Always.”

Finally, Tony looked up and smiled making Peter’s heart glow.

“Awesome. Okay, then.”

Peter turned for the door when Tony stopped him.

“I listened to them last night.”

He swiveled back, excitedly. “The songs? What did you think?”

“Youthful.”

When he saw Peter’s face droop, Tony corrected himself. “I don’t mean that in a bad way. In fact, I was hoping we could discuss them at length. They feel very personal. Message received.”

Peter didn't know what to say to that. It was a very neutral response and not exactly what he had hoped for.

Then, Tony winked at him. "I'll see you later, babe."

"Babe?"

Tony froze. "Yeah, you know. A term of endearment."

Insecure Tony Stark was kind of hilarious, but Peter didn't want to leave the man on the hook for too long.

"I love it."

Tony stopped Peter from leaving once more. "You know, I love Mariah Carey."

"Good to know," he beamed.

Later that evening, Peter felt hyper as he hadn't the chance to expel his excess energy (re: nerves) at swim practice. There wouldn't be practice until Monday, and even then, a lot of the team wouldn't be there as they would be traveling for the holidays. Peter, however, would be at every single practice just to get out of the damn house since going to Ned's wasn't going to be that much of an option anymore.

In the past, he and Ned would build whatever Lego they had received for Christmas and watch Star Wars. But maybe he could watch Star Wars with Tony instead for a change of pace. It would be super cute if Tony was into that sort of thing. It would be everything Peter had ever wanted from a boyfriend.

He wondered if he and Tony could put up a tree perhaps; did Tony even have a tree?

"What's got you so spirited?" May inquired when Peter jumped up from the table to do the dishes. He was looking for things to occupy his time so he wouldn't go crazy over thinking about a certain someone showing up later.

"You know, just excited for the holidays and glad that my exams are over with."

"Hmm," May responded because Ben was still at the table, reading over the news on his phone.

If he weren't there, Peter wouldn't doubt for a second that she would bring up the sportscar again, trying to figure out who was driving it and, therefore, Peter's secret crush. He hoped she never would.

Although May was on his side now, she hadn't always been, and finding out that Peter was dating his physics teacher would surely send her back to Ben's territory again.

Did it even qualify as dating, though? Somehow it felt more and less at the same time. The age gap delegitimized their relationship while simultaneously making it more serious than ever when analyzing the huge risks they were taking. Thoughts like this had Peter's mind running in circles wanting to see Tony again because he couldn't take the separation any longer. They had barely gotten together when they had to put on the brakes, per Tony.

He needed the tangibility of hugging and kissing Tony that would make the whole thing not seem

like a dream.

As part of the act, Peter showered and put on his pajamas, making sure to go downstairs and ham it up a little. He certainly did not want either Ben nor May checking on him that night as he would be across town getting quite cozy with Tony, or he hoped. Hopefully, there wouldn't be any more brakes.

At ten o'clock, Peter went upstairs and curled up in bed to wait.

There were little clinks on the pane of the window in Peter's bedroom. At first, Peter was spooked until he realized that Tony was literally throwing rocks at his window. The next one made a loud pang, and Peter realized that Tony probably thought that he had fallen asleep, which he had, truthfully.

He rushed to the window to keep Tony from throwing another that would possibly alert his aunt and uncle sleeping down the hall. Or worse, he could actually break the window. That would be fun to explain.

There he was on the lawn, arm raised in preparation to throw the next one. Peter waved excitedly and unlocked the window, pushing it open. He prepared to climb down when Tony whisper-shouted.

"Wait there. I'll come up to you."

Tony then followed the same pattern Peter had when he snuck out and pulled himself up from the lid of the trashcan onto the roof covering the porch and crept towards the window.

Peter was well impressed by this.

Then, there was the issue of Tony being in his bedroom, unplanned and with his aunt and uncle down the hall.

Holy shit.

"So, this is where the wonderful Peter Parker sleeps, studies, and dreams about yours truly," Tony quipped.

Peter clapped and a hand over his mouth, shushing him, eyes wide as saucers.

Tony licked his palm, but Peter was unperturbed. In fact the smooth wetness made him shiver.

"This wasn't the plan," Peter insisted as Tony pulled their hips flush together.

"I'm sorry, love."

The sudden contact was a lot for a boy who had spent the past two weeks pining over his teacher. He groaned as his cock went from flacid to rocket in 0.5 seconds.

Tony smiled mischievously and dipped his head down to press his lips to Peter's.

He actually moaned this time, and Tony clapped a hand over his mouth, quiet laughter shaking his body and into Peter's.

"Excited?" Tony whispered, but Peter just pushed their mouths back together, flinging his arms

around Tony who stumbled back into the desk. They stilled, heads cocked to the side, listening. There was not a peep nor creak from the house, so Tony pushed his hands under Peter's t-shirt.

"Ah!" He hissed, "Cold hands."

"Mmm," Tony acknowledged but only pushed them lower and just into the waistband of Peter's pajama pants.

Logically, Peter knew that he was just trying to keep them warm, but his body didn't know that. He was impossibly hard against Tony.

They kissed and kissed while Tony hoisted Peter up and onto the desk getting between his legs to not so subtly grind his hips against Peter's cock.

"Ah!"

"Mmmm fuck," Tony whispered, covering Peter's mouth. "You'll have to be quiet, young padawan."

"You're a Star Wars fan?"

"Duh."

"Oh, God, Tony! Kiss me."

Tony attacked Peter's neck then, pressing open-mouthed smooches down around his neck and behind his ear.

"No marks!"

Tony clapped his hand back over Peter's mouth. "Shhh, baby. They'll hear you."

Peter's eyes rolled into the back of his head as pleasure soared through his body.

"Do... you... want me... to do something about that?" Tony murmured between kisses, now thrusting his tongue into Peter's mouth repeatedly, not unlike penetration.

"About what?"

"Your raging hard-on, dear."

His heartrate picked up to an impossible cadence.

"Oh, Tony please touch him."

Tony laughed quietly into Peter's neck. "Don't you dare say little Peter."

"Wasn't gonna...."

"Right."

They stared into each other's eyes, completely blissed out in happiness at the fact that they were in the same room with each other again and alone. Well, mostly.

Suddenly, Tony wrapped him up in his arms, bear-hugging Peter to his chest. "I fucking missed you."

Renegades popped into Peter's mind then, like he was watching from above or in a movie, perhaps.

Hey, hey, hey. Living like we're Renegades.

Peter wrapped his arms around Tony, hugging him back and hard. "I miss you, too, Tony."

Then, he wrapped his legs around Tony's waist bringing them close enough to where he could not so subtly press his swollen dick into Tony's.

Tony moaned into his ear, and it was the sexiest thing Peter had experienced. He wanted to make Tony moan over and over again.

"Please, Tony."

He thrust gently into Tony the way he imagined it to be done and was rewarded with another pleased moan.

"Just a hand job for now," Tony complied.

"Fuck, yeah."

Tony kissed Peter ridiculously long and deep, thrusting his own hips into Peter's, and it was heavenly as he all the while snuck his hand between them and into Peter's pants and boxers, hovering around the waistline.

"You sure?"

Peter nodded vigorously. How could he possibly say no when he was at the cliff of immense pleasure. "Please, please."

Tony pushed his hand down, feeling the slick, wet head then even further down to wrap his hand around the shaft of Peter's cock.

He gasped, bucking his hips up out of instinct. Tony was ready for the moan that escaped his lips and already had his other hand over Peter's mouth as he pumped his hand up and down.

After a few moments, Tony replaced the hand over Peter's mouth with his lips and brought his hand down to Peter's backside which he squeezed appreciatively. Then, Tony pressed his palm forward, pushing Peter's hips into a rhythm matching the other hand on his cock.

Peter didn't know what to do with own hands and just settled on squeezing the desk in an attempt to restrain from coming too soon. Then, he got the lovely idea of pushing his own hand into Tony's bottoms, pausing for consent.

"Can I sir- Tony?"

"Just do it."

A new source of pleasure went through Peter at Tony's words. *Just do it.* As if Peter had whatever access he wanted to the other's body. He felt special.

Tony was bigger and had more hair, certainly. Peter suddenly felt shy because he was touching someone so much older, experienced.

Luckily, Tony moaned at Peter's hesitant grasp. He was glad that Tony was turned on by his inexperienced touch.

However, he was getting so close and couldn't fully concentrate on his movements, lazily stroking the other.

His toes curled as he felt right on edge. Tony took his hand away for a moment to shove his own pants down. Peter got the message and did the same so that their cocks could touch, skin to skin. As if in a dream, Tony then took both of them in his hand and began thrusting, their sweat and precome creating enough lubricant to keep any discomfort at bay.

It was surreal for Peter to see his cock pressed right up against Tony's. Even blinded by pleasure, he was taking pictures in his mind for the following day. There was no way he'd be able to leave his bedroom with this kind of material in his head. Tony was grunting, moaning into his ear, and his eyes were all screwed up in passion.

Seeing that, Peter came moments later, thick white sperm shooting in waves onto Tony's shirt and hand, lubricating them both even more. Peter's eyes rolled back once more, and he covered his own mouth this time to not alert anyone with his screams.

Tony wrapped his hands around Peter's waist and thrust against him. Peter suspected he was close as well and felt proud that he himself had lasted this long.

In the end, Tony had his dick between Peter's sperm covered thighs, using them as friction while gasping quietly into Peter's neck.

"Oh, fuck. Pete, I'm gonna... Oh, God!"

The man's body tensed up, and Peter pulled back just enough to see his facial expression as he came, the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

His mouth was in an 'O' shape, a silent scream of pleasure taking over his features. Then, his mouth went slack, and Peter was covered in Tony's come, little bits clinging to his neck and jaw. It was quite an impressive load, and Peter thought back to when Tony had admitted that he hadn't had sex in a year.

There was a faint, distant bump. They look at each other, alarmed.

The squeaking of a door opening alerted them both into action. Tony slipped under the bed, dick still hanging out while Peter jumped as quietly as he could into bed. He could bet that it was not the first time Tony had snuck into someone's bedroom.

Peter controlled his breathing and peeped through one eyelid to see his aunt frowning into his bedroom. Subtly, she sniffed at the air then her eyes got big for a second. Peter's heart thudded. Was it possible that she could *smell* the sex?

Dear God, that is so embarrassing, Peter thought.

With any luck, she would just assume that Peter was watching porn or something. Not a moment later, she shut the door and padded quietly back to her bedroom.

Peter could have died of embarrassment, but at least, he and Tony hadn't been caught.

Five whole minutes later, Tony slipped out from under the bed, looking a lot calmer than Peter felt. He was shaking and still staring at the door.

"Oh, baby," Tony whispered and went to lock the door.

He couldn't believe that they had done all of that with the door unlocked and Ben down the hall. Although, Peter could bet his life that Tony wouldn't allow anything to happen to him while he was present. He believed every bit of what Tony had said over the phone about wanting to beat him. It was comforting, and for once, in a long time, Pete felt safe in his own home.

Tony returned to the bed and slipped underneath the covers, pulling Peter into his chest and stroked his hair.

"Next time, we'll go to mine."

Peter nodded his consent and turned over so that the pair were facing each other.

"You don't regret what we did, do you?"

"What? No. Do you?" Tony questioned, eyes bouncing back and forth from each of Peter's, searching for what he feared to find there.

Peter shook his head then smiled. "That was fucking awesome. I wanna do it again."

Tony chuckled in relief. "Hold up, there, young buck. My refractory period isn't what it used to be."

"Right, sorry," Peter blushed. "I didn't think about that."

Tony just pulled Peter into his chest, and they both cringed as the sperm clung to their bodies and clothes still. They both stripped down to their boxers, resolving to solve the issue in the morning when the alarm would wake them at five so that Tony could slip away safely.

He was barely aware of the kiss Tony pressed into his hair as he fell asleep.

Two Towns Away

Chapter Summary

Peter and Tony have coffee...

Did he look different? Would May be able to tell?

Peter still couldn't believe what had happened between him and Tony the previous evening. He spent the morning just as he predicted: with his hand in his pants. If he were to make another playlist, the Lazy Song by Bruno Mars would definitely be on it.

Now, in front of the mirror with the steam billowing out around him, he knew one thing. He had to see Tony again and soon.

Peter: When can I see you next?

Tony: Name the time and day, I'm yours

Peter: Working tonight and tomorrow morning. Tomorrow afternoon good for you?

Tony: That would be perfect, Mr. Parker.

Tony: Back to mine?

Peter: I was thinking we could go out, possibly?

Peter: I mean, I totally get it if you don't want to like meet in public

Tony: Ball is in your court

Peter: I want to have coffee with you

Tony: Done. Text me when you're out of work, and I'll pick you up from there.

The car was waiting around the corner from Delmar's. Peter had freshened up in the bathroom after work, doing a once over in the sink, applying new deodorant, and brushing his teeth. He changed into an oversized turtleneck that fell down over his wrists to his fingertips not unlike Ariana Grande. Peter loved how small it made him feel, and next to Tony, he would feel even smaller.

At the last minute, Peter decided to add the tiniest bit of blush, clear mascara, and chapstick. He went over his eyebrows with a brow comb and tousled his hair with some gel.

It was all worth it when he saw Tony's face as he was walking to the car, backpack over one shoulder.

"Hi."

"Mr. Parker," Tony greeted him, kissing his cheek lightly and pulling away from the curve. Almost immediately, his hand landed on Peter's thigh, squeezing lovingly. "You look beautiful."

“Thank you,” Peter said shyly. “So do you.”

Tony was wearing a black turtleneck that hugged his biceps with blue tinted glasses.

“We’ll have to do a bit of driving. Your cover story is all set?”

“Yes. Let’s get the hell out of here.”

They sat across from each other in some hipster dive two towns away. There were bohemian pillows accenting the booths as well as plants growing from every surface including the walls.

Peter sipped nervously from his overpriced latte. “And well? What did you think?”

“There’s something disturbingly tragic about the lyrics when you look past the levity of the melody, especially Surf.”

“I love Mac Miller,” Peter mused, happily.

There were a few snow flurries going past the window now. When he turned his attention back to the table, Tony had pulled out a folder and opened it to reveal lyrics that were fucking highlighted. The man had annotated what Peter had sent.

“What the hell?”

Tony looked at Peter from over the top of his reading glasses. “Now, Mr. Parker. I would like to discuss ‘Lonely Boys’.”

His face was crimson. Never in a million years did Peter think he would have to answer to Tony for these lyrics.

Tony cleared his throat and read. “I’m a lonely boy. Oh, oh-oh! I’ve got a love that keeps me waiting.”

Peter could feel his ears turn pink. That was, well, embarrassing. What had he been thinking? In his moment of

“Two weeks is a long time....”

“Right,” Tony stroked his beard, pondering.

“Maybe next time, let me decide when I can see you? I mean, I like when you get all authoritative and protective, but if this is going to be legit, I want a say in things as well. I want us to be equals.”

“Except for the part where I’m your teacher?”

“Exactly.”

“Right.”

“Right.”

The smile playing on Tony’s lips let Peter know he was mostly joking about the lyrics, but there was still the man that had physically printed out the lyrics to each song and had gone through them with a highlighter.

“When did you even have time for that?”

“Easy. During your exam.”

“Oh, my God.”

“Yep.”

“And here I thought you were watching me because you have the hots for me.”

“That is correct, as well.”

Peter blushed.

“You’re the one who said it, and between you and me,” Tony beckoned him closer, dropping his voice. “You are fucking adorable when you bite the tip of your pencil.”

‘The tip’ reverberated around in Peter’s head. “What can I say? I like cylindrical objects in my mouth.”

Tony dropped his glasses down to the very tip of his nose, eyes bouncing back and forth from each of Peter’s own. “Good to know.”

Peter sipped his gingerbread latte, the foam catching on his top lip. Tony’s eyes stayed hooked on his lip as he licked it off like some bad porno.

Tony shuffled the papers, searching for something in particular. “Ah! Here it is: ‘You hear my cry, lover of mine. No tear in the eye or fear in my mind.’ Let’s skip down. ‘We parted our lips and reached from inside. In a wide open field, we know we can feel. Awake and unreal. Off to nowhere.’”

The lyrics spoken aloud by Tony made Peter shiver in his seat as if a draft had come from under the door. He gripped his mug, cold fingers savoring the warmth as the carefully selected song poured out his entire soul.

“It’s very... apt.” Tony said. “But, I think the part I like the most, is: ‘No fear from a God and no prayer for the night.’ It feels very full-circle of you.”

Peter cast his eyes down and to the side, in thought. “What can I say? When I needed him most, he wasn’t there for me.”

“Religion isn’t for everyone.”

He shrugged. “S’pose not.”

As it was Christmas time, Peter felt a little sad about this admission. It used to be his favorite time of year, but he only saw *him* and the horrible things that *he* did.

“Peter? You good?”

He sighed and sat back, pushing his coffee away. A fact that no doubt alluded to his thoughts being with the camp. “I don’t know. I thought I was over it, but when something like Christmas, which is supposed to be a good thing, happens. I just feel so angry that it was ruined. Sometimes I feel like I ruined it for myself. If I had been more careful, less open, I might have come through the other side without being sent off to that place.”

“Honey, it wasn’t your fault,” Tony said very gently, nudging Peter’s fingers with his own.

“I know. Logically, that is correct, but I can’t help but wonder how different my life would have been if *I* had been different.”

“If it’s any consolation,” his companion said, “We all have the same thoughts. I wonder what my life would have been like if I had just stayed with my ex and had a kid.”

An ache of jealousy presented itself, stone hot in Peter’s gut.

“But I would have been incredibly unhappy, and it would have always felt like playing pretend.”

“Makes sense,” Peter muttered, listening but not really.

He was beginning to wonder if this is how Tony felt when he found out about Wade.

Peter could feel Tony’s eyes on his face, watching his reaction to that piece of information.

“I know you don’t like this topic, but I can’t help but notice another song that talks about religion. Midnight City by M83 says, ‘Waiting for a word. Looking at the milky skyline. This city is my church. It wraps me in its blinding Twilight.’”

“I can’t believe you actually annotated the lyrics to the playlist I sent you,” Peter said again, shaking his head fondly. “To answer your non-question question, I guess I’m looking for God in other things because I certainly didn’t find him at Church.”

Tony hissed at that. “You’re so fucking intelligent, and I find it captivating.”

“Enough about church already,” Peter complained. “I wanna know what you thought about Renegades.”

“I liked it.”

“And?” Peter wanted more.

“It reminds me of you. And by that, I mean you could have written it,” Tony took a sip of his black coffee. “By the way, it also says, where is it...? ‘Lost souls in reverie.’”

Peter rolled his eyes.

“We need to clear the air on something. I can’t believe that you actually think that I don’t know the song, ‘Riptide’.”

“I never said you didn’t know it!”

“Basic,” Tony coughed. “Ain’t No Rest for the Wicked’ on the other hand. I’m proud of you for mentioning that one.”

Peter put his head into his hands. “How much hell are you going to give me for this playlist?”

“Oh, I’m nowhere close to finished,” Tony teased, thumbing through his notes. “Mr. Blue Sky. Please tell me you knew that song *before* it became TikTok famous.”

Peter stared at him, dumbfounded. “You have TikTok?”

“Pff. As if.”

“Oh, God,” Peter cackled. “You totally do!”

“Okay, okay. But answer me this. Am I your Mr. Blue Sky?”

“Obviously.”

“I don’t know... I think your Mr. Blue Sky.”

“Just like you’re Mr. Fantasy?” Peter countered.

Tony shrugged. “Your words, not mine.”

They smiled fondly at each other.

“The only song that we haven’t discussed is ‘Youngblood’. Now, I thought at first you meant the one by 5 Seconds of Summer and thought, how cheeky of him. But, then, it was this gem that brings the playlist full-circle, ending on a light note, and I thought it was even better.”

Peter squinted at him. “You listen to 5 Seconds of Summer?”

“I listen to the *radio*,” Tony corrected him.

“Right.”

“Right.”

“I thought you listened to the oldies station?”

“Mr. Parker,” Tony choked out, hand on his chest. “How old do you think I am?”

He realized that he would have to be very careful choosing his words. Indeed, how old was Tony?

“Forty?”

“I’m forty-eight, Peter.”

“That’s even better. Do you know how old I am?”

“Sixteen, now. I believe.”

“Fourteen.”

“What?!”

“No, just kidding. I’m sixteen.”

"You little shit."

It was funny because they had never actually talked about age, not in depth anyways, or the precariousness of their situation. The other thing that had happened to Peter had always been more important and had taken precedence. Now, they were sitting across from each other in a cafe with it glaring them right in the face.

Maybe this public place wasn’t the best idea after all, but Peter couldn’t see them being locked up in his teacher’s apartment forever.

Yet, another thing they had touched on that didn’t seem like they could ever discuss it enough was

their sexuality. The purpose of the Born This Way group was to accept oneself and each other as is, but Peter felt like he could speak for hours at a time about why he wanted Tony and not Liz. Tony's dick was higher up on the list than Peter cared to admit.

Perhaps the most interesting thing was that Tony had never said to Peter, 'No, we can't because I'm your teacher.' It had never been an issue. They were just Peter and Tony, Tony and Peter. MJ even seemed to not only accept it but full-on ship it.

Peter supposed he had never even thought that he would get to this point. It had always been to get his old self back and not be nauseous around his attractive physics teacher.

But there they sat in a coffee shop two towns away.

The ride back was quiet, and Peter wondered if it had something to do with their conversation back in the coffeeshop. They didn't listen to anything special, just what was on the radio.

He secretly hoped that something from 5 Seconds of Summer would come on so he could call Tony out, but it didn't come on.

Close to Peter's neighborhood, he found Tony driving aimlessly, not really taking the straight route back to his house which Peter found as a good sign. They ended up pulling into the same park as where they had shared their first kiss, and it was even darker than it had been that evening. The fountain lights glowed, and Peter side-eyed Tony, scared to breathe, scared to move.

"Come here," Tony breathed, patting his leg, simultaneously adjusting his seat.

Peter grinned like the devil and moved onto his lap. Tony was very hard for him already, and Peter realized he had been looking for a proper spot for the pair to fuck around.

Their lips collided in the first mouth on mouth kiss that they had shared since Friday, and it was glowy, like the fountains in the lake. Tony moaned into his mouth.

Peter felt him reach around his waist to cut the ignition off before slipping his hand up the back of Peter's sweater all the way up to cup the back of his neck.

Slowly, their tongues twisted together, and they began to grind their pelvises. Heavy with need, Peter reached between them to unbutton Tony's jeans and slip his hand inside. The hard, pulsing flesh he found there just made him frustrated. He wanted more from Tony, needed more.

"I- I," Peter tried. "I need you, Tony."

"Go on and have me then, sweetheart."

"I want you inside me."

Knowing the car wasn't the best location for anything more, Peter slipped off Tony's lap back into the passenger seat only to bring his mouth down to Tony's exposed cock.

"Oh, God!" Tony cried out in a strangled voice, clutching the sides of his seat.

Peter didn't really know what he was doing but had seen enough porn to know the simple mechanics. He moved his head up and down for a few minutes before popping off to see Tony's strained expression as if he were trying to hold himself back.

“Tony, fuck my mouth.”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“I’ll be too rough.”

Peter rolled his eyes and gripped Tony’s hips, pulling up hard to encourage a good thrust.

“Peter, I don’t know. I- Oh, fuck...”

“I want you to do it. I want you to fuck my mouth,” Peter said matter of factly and went back down, pulling Tony’s hips up again.

“I’m so sorry, Peter,” were Tony’s last words before he gripped Peter’s head between his legs and thrust up repeatedly.

He had to admit, Tony had been holding back. Peter now choked and slobbered around Tony’s cock, eyes watering immensely, but he couldn’t bring himself to ask Tony to stop. A darker part of him figured that if he gave Tony what he needed, he wouldn’t be able to let Peter go no matter what happened between them.

The cum was hot and sticky. Most of it came right back out of Peter’s mouth getting caught in Tony’s pubic hair.

The both panted for a few moments before Tony growled and went after Peter’s zipper, knocking Peter’s own hand aside where it mindlessly rubbed to get some sort of relief.

“I’m going to suck you off.”

The feeling was electric. Hot, humid eat engulfed his dick followed by the sweetest sensation of Tony’s tongue gliding around his shaft and head like a lollipop. He was enthusiastic, too.

Then, Peter’s mind went sort of blank. The fountain lights were so... pretty. Why were they so pretty? And the fog drifting over the lake like some kind of lagoon, from the Little Mermaid perhaps.

Someone kept saying something, but he couldn’t acknowledge them because none of this was happening.

He felt like he was trapped in a snowglobe, wanting to respond but couldn’t. There was a pair of dark eyes in front of him, and he jumped back, fist connecting with something.

“Ow! Fuck!”

Tony was clutching his jaw, swearing.

“Oh, my God! Tony!” Peter cried, bursting into tears. “I don’t know what’s happening, I don’t know what’s happening...”

His flaccid dick was hanging out of his pants, and a very concerned Tony seemed to be evaluating him as he quickly stuffed it back into his boxers. At that moment, he looked like a parent.

“Are you alright?” He asked in a fatherly tone.

"I- I don't know. Are you? Does your face hurt? Oh, God. I am *so* sorry, Tony."

He just held up a hand to silence Peter. "I'm not worried about me."

It came out harsh making Peter break down all over again. "I don't know what's wrong with me!"

"You dissociated."

"Really?"

"You were out for about ten minutes."

Peter didn't know what to say to that. He needed to think. "Can you take me home?"

Tony looked reluctant for a moment, then his face became blank. "Of course."

On the way back, Peter wiped at his makeup using a bottle of water in Tony's car, trying to clean up as much as possible.

"My bike."

"What?" Tony asked in a distracted tone.

"I left it at Delmar's."

"Don't worry about that right now, Peter." The same fatherly tone except now it was starting to get on Peter's nerves.

"I need it to get to swim practice tomorrow."

"I said don't worry about it!"

"What the fuck's your problem? Had your fill of dick, and now you're ready to dump me off?"

"Don't be ridiculous."

They were close to Peter's house now, so he shoved the car door open making Tony screech to a stop so as not to send Peter careening into the road.

"Peter!"

He didn't worry about it, though, and jogged back to his house, quickly unlocking it before Tony could reach him.

Inside and behind the glass of the front door, Peter saw Tony bent over, gripping his head in the driveway before he punched his side mirror.

"Peter!"

He whirled around. "Hey, Aunt May!"

"Hi, honey!" She hugged him. "How was work?"

"Long." There. That was a sufficient answer.

Peter could feel his pocket buzzing insistently as he followed May into the kitchen where she pulled a casserole out of the oven.

His heart was still hammering when he sat down across from his aunt and uncle. The world seemed to be stopped yet spinning at a million miles an hour.

Doing the dishes and sweeping the kitchen only gave him so much time as well as sitting with Ben and watching ESPN. His uncle seemed pleased that Peter had joined him. So, there was that at least. Eventually, they both went to bed, however, and Peter could only put it off for so long.

Tony: Peter, I am so sorry. Please, give me a chance to make this right.

Tony: I'm worried about you.

Tony: Are you okay?

Tony: Just let me know that you're safe.

There were about a dozen missed calls.

Tony: Take your time. I'm here when you're ready.

Peter didn't know what he wanted. He just knew he needed time to process what had happened and how Tony had reacted. He didn't like the way Tony had brushed him off about his bike, his only form of transportation. In Peter's book, that was not okay.

He also had swim practice tomorrow and knew that he really shouldn't do this, really shouldn't. But without Tony, he felt alone.

Peter: Hey, do you mind giving me a ride to practice tomorrow?

The reply came a few minutes later.

Wade: Of course. Pick you up at 9 ;)

Careless Whisper

Chapter Summary

Peter and Tony are not on good terms...

Chapter Notes

Ugh, why do I like writing these fight scenes so bad lol

“Hey,” Peter said as he slid into the passenger seat of Wade’s car, dropping his swim bag into the well between his feet.

Wade smiled warmly and offered him a fist bump. “How goes it?”

“Good, good.”

He hit a button on his phone, and ‘Dancing Queen’ poured from the speakers. Wade backed out of the drive, perilously, waving to Ben who was walking out the door for work. He waved back to Wade’s delight, and they drove off.

Peter stared out the window moodily attempting to ignore the throbbing headache from not sleeping well the night before. The air coming from the heater was suffocating. He was beginning to feel nauseous and cracked a window.

After the song played through, Wade lowered the volume. “What’s up, buttercup? What has you in a mood?”

“Nothing, just tired.”

“Did you have breakfast?”

Peter shook his head.

The car lurched dangerously as they turned into the Taco Bell parking lot and straight into the drive-thru line.

“Oh, Wade. You don’t have to, I didn’t bring my wallet.”

He just waved him off and rolled down the window when it was their turn.

“How can I help you?”

“Hi, how are you today?” Wade put his chin in his hand and stared dreamily at the screen.

“Great, thank you. How are you?”

“Just peachy, thanks.”

“Let me know when you’re ready to order.”

“Okay. I’d like three waffle tacos and a breakfast burrito. Peter, what would you like? Get anything you want.”

Peter considered the menu. “Just a hashbrown and a coffee for me.”

Wade seemed rather disappointed at this and ordered reluctantly. He added another breakfast burrito with a wink at Peter, and they pulled up.

“Really, Wade. I’m not that hungry.”

“More for me, then.”

After a considerable amount of polite flirting on Wade’s part, they pulled away.

“Siri,” Wade said. “Cue the music.”

‘Careless Whisper’ came on full blast.

Peter, then, had the luxury of witnessing Wade scarf down Taco Bell while simultaneously swerving through traffic. Even if he had been hungry, Peter might have thrown up from the motion sickness alone.

He kept his window cracked as they drove, letting the icy December air work away the nausea. He was considerably more angry with Tony for not letting him get his bike the previous evening and putting Peter in this position in the first place.

As predicted, there weren’t too many kids at practice as some hadn’t qualified for State while others were on vacation with their families. They warmed up with a T-30 where they had to swim without stopping, stroke of their choice, as warm-up. Afterwards, they did a few drills before going into relay transitions.

“Okay, for the remainder of practice, I want each of you to stick with the stroke that you will be competing in. If there are multiple strokes, I want to see you doing those. I sent out an email over the weekend with this information in case it is unclear. From now on, I want a response from each email. A simple “yes coach” will do. I just need that acknowledgment. I will be sending out daily emails with a report from practice, what you did well, what you could do better. I expect to see a response to those as well. Okay, start at the top.”

He clapped his hands, and the swimmers got into position, clearing out the fog from their goggles and adjusting their swim caps.

“We have enough lanes. Spread out.”

Wade moved into his own lane, then, freeing up Peter’s.

It was brutal to say the least.

On the way to the showers, Fury called after them. “Coach Barton has agreed to work with you all in the afternoons for drylands. Please reply to his email if you are interested. They are not mandatory until after break.”

Peter had forgotten just how grueling practice could be before State, and he was really feeling his

lack of protein at breakfast that morning.

Wade sidled up to him, “Hey, a few of us are going out to get wings after practice. Fury gave us a gift card, so you don’t need to worry about money.”

Since Wade had been his ride, Peter didn’t want to make Wade take him home. Plus, he was pretty hungry, and wings sounded good.

There was a message on Karen waiting for him after he showered and dressed in comfy sweats.

Tony: Hey, went to get your bike this morning, but it was locked. Just let me know, and I’ll drive you to pick it up

Peter: Out to lunch with the team, then going back for weights. I’ll just ask May to take me to Delmar’s for my shift later.

Tony: Doesn’t that look suspicious

Peter wanted to bang his head against the lockers.

“Fuck’s sake,” he muttered.

Peter: Yeah, sorry. Didn’t think about that.

Peter: I’ll just get Wade to drop me off early after weights

He hit send just as he realized what he had admitted. “Great, just great.”

Tony: Wade?

“Peter.”

He whirled around to find Wade spinning his keys around his finger, eyebrows raised. “You ready?”

“Uh, yeah.”

It was clear that Wade was a source of contention.

Peter shoved wing after wing into his mouth. His appetite had come back with full force as he hadn’t eaten a proper breakfast. Well, a part of him wondered if he was using the food to cope with the fact that he had fucked up. Another piece might actually drown the guilt. And, hey, it was protein, so Tony would be proud.

He sent a pic of his empty plate to his boyfriend.

There was no response.

That afternoon was unbearable. The drama with Tony hung heavier over his shoulders than the weight he was attempting to deadlift.

“Parker, Parker!”

Clint’s voice rang out as Wade, who had been spotting him, grabbed a hold of the bar to keep Peter

from being completely squished like a bug. He was on his knees and gasping.

“Jesus,” Clint cursed, clutching his chest.

“Peter, are you okay?” Wade asked, worriedly. For once, there was no trace of humor on his face.

Peter held up a finger begging for a moment to recuperate. “Yeah, fine. Just haven’t lifted in a minute.”

“You’re sticking to dumbbells for the remainder of the session,” Clint ordered, looking notably less pissed.

Peter nodded gratefully and went over to the mirror where the row of weights sat under it. In the reflection, he could see Wade sidling up to him.

“You don’t have to lift with me. I’m just holding you back.”

“We’re partners, remember?”

Peter didn’t say anything more. He was too busy wondering just when exactly he had given Wade the impression that he wanted all this attention. Was it the water bottle thing or asking for a ride? He didn’t know. What he did know was that Tony was very uncomfortable with Wade’s presence in Peter’s life which, in turn, made Peter uncomfortable with Tony.

He didn’t like the possessiveness Tony was beginning to show.

After work, Peter walked his bike towards home. He was way too sore from practice that morning and the lifting session that afternoon to be able to climb onto his bike. Work had been hell, and he was regretting all of the extra shifts he had picked up. Peter was also seriously thinking about skipping practice the following morning or at the very least, the drylands in the afternoon. It just wasn’t his thing.

When Tony’s car pulled up next to him, Peter felt nothing but grateful.

“Hey, kid.”

Tony even held up a bag of sonic.

Peter’s shoulders slumped as he walked the bike around to the trunk, and Tony immediately hopped out to help him.

“Thanks,” Peter mumbled.

In the car, Tony appraised him. “You look beat.”

“Yeah,” he yawned and leaned his head against the window.

“Want a burger..?”

Peter’s stomach growled, and he opened his eyes. “Yeah, I suppose.”

“Don’t look too excited,” Tony teased.

“Not in the mood.”

“O-kay...”

The ride was silent aside from Peter tearing through paper and scarfing down his hamburger. He must have looked pretty terrible because Delmar had sent a sandwich home with him as well which he would eat in the comfort of his bed.

“You want to come to mine?” Tony asked.

Peter sighed. “No, actually. Maybe another time.”

“Are you okay?”

“I’m fine.”

“You don’t sound fine.”

“I’m just really fucking tired, okay?”

Tony’s face turned stony. “I already apologized, what more do you want me to do?”

“Nothing! Just do nothing. I need some time to cope, Tony. And,” Peter went on. “I want to be able to get rides from teammates and go to lunch without you getting all butthurt about it.”

Tony rolled his eyes. “Well excuse me for not wanting my boyfriend to hang out with someone who is *clearly* trying to get into his pants.”

“Oh my God...” Peter pressed his hands over his eyes. “Just take me home.”

“Gladly.”

That stung a bit.

“You know, you’ve changed, Tony,” Peter said when they pulled up to his house. “Let me know when the man I fell in love with gets over his ego, then have him call me.”

The elder man glowered at that. Peter waited a few seconds for him to say something.

“Fine.”

He pushed the door open then slammed it shut. Angrily, he paced around to the trunk before rapping on it till it clicked open. Quite aggressively, he yanked his bike out not caring if he scratched Tony’s precious sportscar. He was tired and irritated.

Peter slammed the trunk shut again and flipped Tony the bird. The audi’s tires spun on the pavement as it raced off into the night.

“Gah!” Peter shouted into the night before pushing his bike up the driveway.

Everything felt like it was spinning out of control. When had he lost the plot?

“Peter?”

He nearly jumped out of his skin. It was Ned.

Where Reality Meets Fiction

Chapter Summary

So, this is the last chapter, my friends :/ Sorry in advance

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Quick! Cover up!

“Ned! Hey, man. What’s up, how are you?”

Ugh! Why am I hugging him? And what do I keep rambling on about?

Ned hugged him back. “I’m good, Peter, I’m good. Listen, can I come in?”

“I- uh. Yeah. Yeah.”

“Ned! How are you?” May greeted them when they entered the house into the foyer.

Peter felt like it was the first time he was looking at it in months. It’s funny what heightened senses can do for you when your body is in overdrive.

“I’m good, Mrs. Parker. Oh! My mom says hi, by the way.”

“Oh, that’s great! Tell her we said hello. Would you like to stay for dinner?”

Huffing and grating of jeans on leather indicated that Ben was getting up from the couch. His feet were a slow shuffle.

“Oh, hi Mr. Parker.”

Ben didn’t respond at first, and they all stood in awkward silence until he spoke with that gravelly voice.

“I want you to leave.”

Ned was taken aback.

Ben could be imposing, but it was the lack of emotion in his voice that was the loudest threat of all. It was of a man who was going to lose his patience any second and was hiding that with a thin cool, calm composure.

Ned’s mouth opened and closed like a bass. He adjusted his backpack on his shoulder, bits of Lego rattling around. “I’ll just… go then. See you at school, Peter.”

“Yeah, see you…”

When the door closed, all the Parkers still stood in the foyer. Ben was the first to break the triangle and turned to leave.

“Now I can’t have friends?”

Ben stopped mid-step but didn’t turn.

“He’s not your friend, Peter. He’s a rat.”

“Well, if he’s not my friend, then you’re not my uncle.”

May actually gasped, and Peter felt a thrill.

Ben chuckled. “Maybe I’m not.”

“What even is this? After months of silence, you suddenly decide that maybe you shouldn’t have sent me to that place?”

“Peter,” May interjected.

“Quiet!” Ben ordered.

“After months of struggling to come to terms with what they did to me, what *he* did to me, you decide that you want to say sorry?! Now? What about when I couldn’t eat? What about when I would puke because I smelled someone’s cologne? What about when they *violated* me? Huh? Where were you? Huh? Where were you, asshole?”

Ben was white as a ghost. May looked like she wanted to cry.

“Peter...” May whispered reaching out to touch his arm. He had begun pacing the foyer like a nut.

“This is fucking embarrassing.”

He went for the stairs, taking two at a time. He needed to call Tony.

“Peter, we want to help,” May began.

“Just let him go.”

“I’m going to the convenience store,” Ben said as he grabbed his keys. “I need a little air.”

Peter stopped in the hallway upstairs to listen. Part of him really wanted to go with his uncle, especially now that there seemed to be a dialogue open between them. But, he decided to give his uncle some space

“ *Hello?* ”

“Tony, I need you to come pick me up right now. Right this minute, okay?”

“ *Peter, I- What’s going on? Are you hurt?* ”

“No. Yes. I don’t know. I just can’t be here right now.”

“ *Okay, yes. I’ll turn around .* ”

Through his window, Peter spotted how Tony was wearily looking about. He guessed it was because Tony didn’t know what he had walked into, and Peter was just glad that he’d shown up. He pushed open the window and threw his backpack out before pulling himself through. On the

ground, he jogged over to the car of which Tony had pushed the door open for him. He put his pack in the well between his feet.

“Are you alright?” Tony asked.

Peter didn’t look at him. “I don’t know.”

“Are you hungry?”

“No you just fed me, and I- I have that sandwich that Mr. Delmar gave me, still.”

Tony pulled away from the curb, and they drove away.

He hadn’t told Tony about the sandwich before that which suddenly seemed really important to Peter. He hadn’t told Tony a lot of things. He hadn’t told *anyone* a lot of things. They were just trapped in his mind and his body wreaking havoc. He wanted to give somebody his experiences, his pain, his confusion. He didn’t understand why these things had happened to him, why he was born into his family, why his parents had died.

How had his physics teacher become the most important, trustworthy person he had in his life?

Why was Ben even trying at this point? Peter had loved, *adored* the man, and he had betrayed his trust in the worst possible way.

“What are you thinking about, love?”

“Everything.”

Tony nodded. He cleared his throat. “I’m sorry that we have been fighting all the time.”

Peter snorted. “Why?”

“Because I imagined that things would be different between us. We were so close before we made things official.”

“Do you regret it?”

“No I-”

“Then, why are you bringing it up?”

“I just thought that we could talk about things.”

“I don’t want to talk about things.”

“You know what? Let’s just have a nice, relaxing evening, okay? We can put up the Christmas tree, bake cookies?”

“Do you even have a Christmas tree?”

Tony frowned. “Yeah. It’s in the attic.”

Tony climbed up first just to make sure that the ladder was safe, then he held his hand out to help Peter up.

“Holy shit. I didn’t know apartments could have an attic,” Peter commented.

Tony turned the flashlight on and showed it around a bit while Peter breathed into his hands to warm them up.

“It should be over here somewhere,” Tony said as he nudged a few boxes with his foot before all out tripping over a slender one sticking out. “Oh, there it is. Now, we just... have to find... the ornaments.”

He heaved the box out from the others and tossed it to Peter’s feet. The plywood floor shook a bit.

“Pete, come here. I need you to hold the flashlight while I open boxes.”

He tiptoed over to where Tony had managed to squeeze himself. There were a lot of miscellaneous items shoved into boxes. One had a blender and bathroom things while another had old records and cleaning products. Someone had clearly packed in a hurry.

“Ah-ha! Found them,” Tony crowed and took the flashlight from Peter to stick in between his teeth.

There were photos mixed in with the ornaments.

“Uh, sorry, Pete,” Tony apologized as a few of a woman with strawberry blonde hair came into view.

“Is that your wife?”

“Ex.”

“Right,” Peter said, bending closer to take a look.

She was gorgeous.

“Okay, that’s enough. Pete, come on, I said-”

There was a full frontal shot of the woman.

“Whoa!” Peter shouted as Tony snatched the photo from his hands.

“I *said* that’s enough,” Tony said sharply.

“Why do you even still have those photos?” Was Peter’s first question.

Tony didn’t answer.

“You know what? It doesn’t matter,” Peter said, turning for the ladder. “Let’s just enjoy the evening.”

Tony followed him down with a few boxes and set them in the living room.

“Okay,” he said, clapping his hands together.

They ended up moving an armchair and side table to the bedroom in order for the tree to fit in the living room. It was definitely meant for a house instead of a one bedroom apartment, but they worked with what they had.

Peter sneakily decided to bake the cookies when it was time to fan out the branches. It was his least favorite part. Once they were in the oven, he came back to help Tony decorate the tree with ornaments.

There were lots of expensive glass ornaments that Peter made sure to handle with care. It was hilarious when they discovered that although Tony was taller, Peter's arms were longer, so he was the one who put the star on top.

When they were finished, they stepped back to admire their work.

"It looks beautiful," Peter whispered.

Tony wrapped his arm around Peter's waist and pulled him into his side. "Not as beautiful as you."

Peter giggled shyly and turned his head to look into Tony's eyes.

The oven timer went off from the kitchen.

"Cookies!" Peter shouted causing Tony to jump.

He ran into the kitchen with Tony not far behind.

"What are you doing?" Tony asked when Peter began peeling them from the tray with a spatula.

"Taking them off the tray so they don't overcook?"

"What about the crunchy outsides?"

Peter wrinkled his nose. "You like them burnt?"

"Not burnt. Just crunchy on the outside and gooey on the inside."

"You and I are going to have to disagree there," Peter said. "But I'll put your half back so you can enjoy your abomination."

Tony playfully poked his side as he passed.

A little while later, Tony joined Peter in the living room with a glass of milk and his plate of cookies. They sat next to each other on the sofa to enjoy the glowy lights of the Christmas tree. The rest of the lights were off, and Peter had some sort of fake fireplace video pulled up on the smart TV. It made a crackly noise and really rounded out the mood.

Peter licked his fingers noisily much to Tony's displeasure.

"Mmmm, that was so good."

Tony ate only a few from his half and set the rest on the coffee table.

They sat for a moment before they simultaneously moved closer to one another. Tony wrapped his arm around Peter's waist and pulled him into his lap.

"Is this okay?"

Peter rolled his eyes. "I don't want you to treat me like a child because of what happened."

"We have to talk about it at some point," Tony replied.

“Yeah, not right now.”

Peter closed this distance and kissed Tony on the mouth. He didn't respond much clearly intent on not freaking Peter out too much, and Peter hated that his boyfriend had to be so careful. He felt like a broken piece of equipment that was shoddily put back together with duct tape.

“Tony, I want you to be real with. Fucking kiss me.”

“I don't want to hurt you, Pete.”

“Why don't we just get each other off like that one time in my bedroom?”

Tony furrowed his brows. “What time?”

Peter leaned back. “What? What do you mean?”

“What?” Tony said. His voice echoed around them.

“You don't remember?”

“Peter?”

“Peter?”

“Peter?”

God, his room was so fucking cold.

Chapter End Notes

Open to interpretation.

(Explanation in comment section. However, I still wish that you reflect on the story and let me know what you think happened. Was it a dream or imagination? More importantly, at what point did it become that?)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!